



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

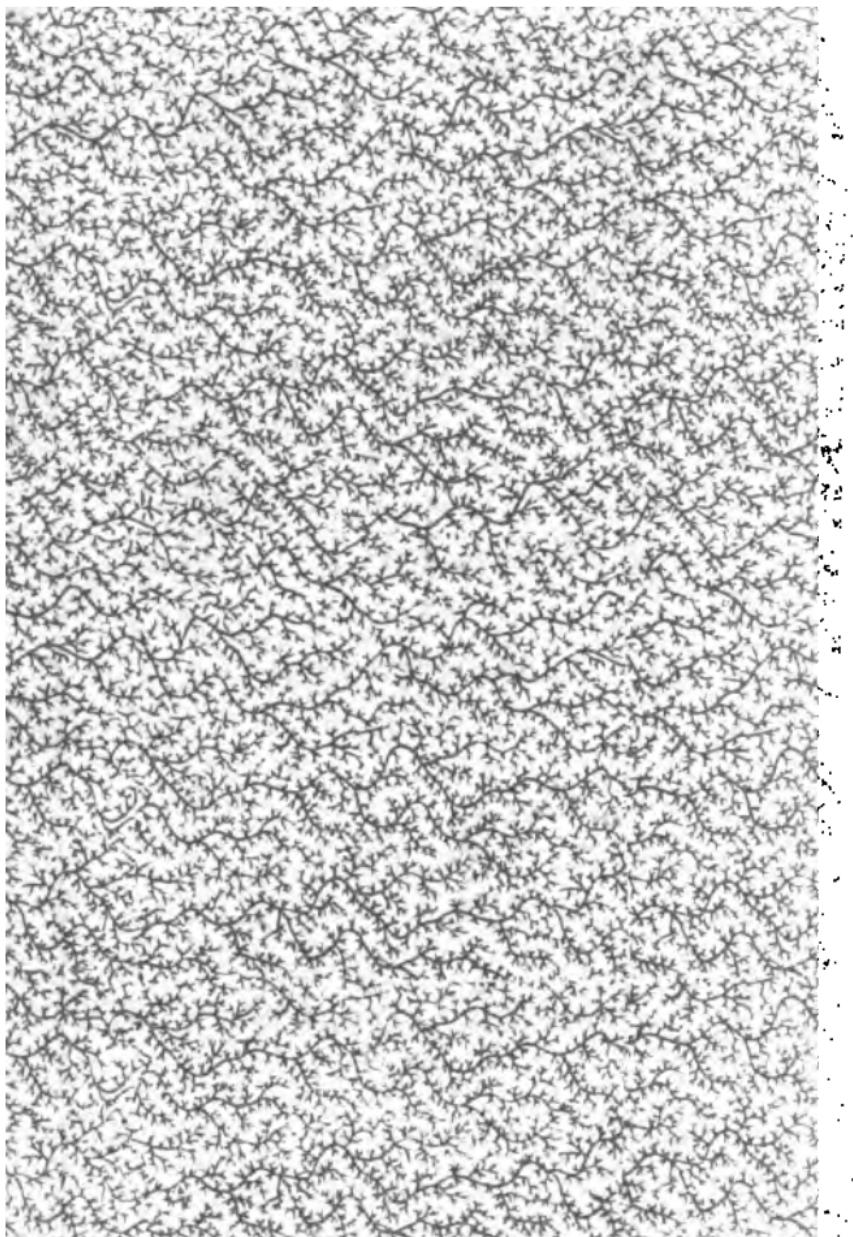
We also ask that you:

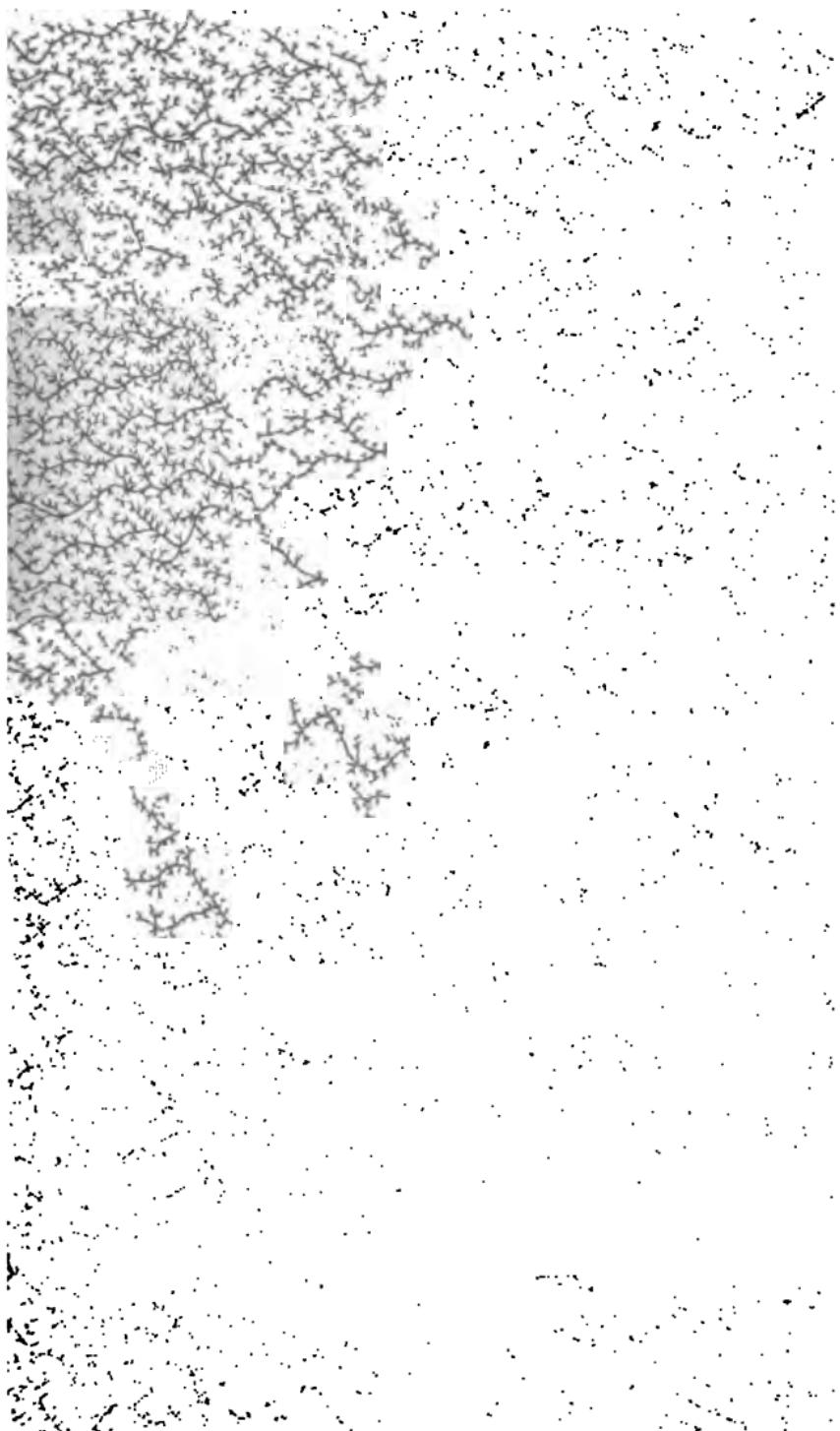
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 07603440 8







THE
Mariner



*And mark that beauteous Maid with head reclined
Against yon lonely Cliff.*

BY
Archibald Johnston

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

AETOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

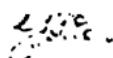
THE
MARINER;
A
POEM
IN TWO CANTOS.

BY ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON.

Θαυμάτινον καὶ τυπον μεγαλεργεσίαν
Ανδρες ὑδωργούμενοι, από τοντορέ, εν πελαγεσσι·
Διοστηνοι τινες ειστον· ἐχυτί γάρ εργα πονηρα·
Ομματάτοντος, λύχνον δ' εν πάντες εχοσιν.
Ομηρος.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD EARLE, CORNER OF FOURTH
AND LIBRARY STREETS.
William Fry, Printer.

1818.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

489511

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R 1911 L

EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WIT:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eighteenth
SEAL: day of July, in the forty-third year of the Independence
of the United States of America, A. D. 1818, Edward
Earle, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of
a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words fol-
lowing, to wit:

"The Mariner; a Poem in two Cantos. By Archibald John-
ston."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States,
intituled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by secur-
ing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and pro-
prietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And
also to the act, entituled, "An act supplementary to an act, enti-
tled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by secur-
ing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprie-
tors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and ex-
tending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving,
and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

DEDICATION.

TO

COMMODORE RICHARD DALE,

In consideration of his having been the first Commander in Chief of the United States' Navy—of his being an active and a liberal advocate for the establishment of Evangelical Marine Societies, and for the promotion of the missionary cause in general; as well as an ardent lover of the rational improvement and true happiness of society, and thus an honour to his country;

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

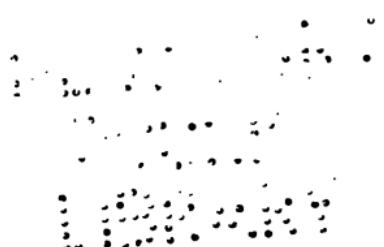
BY

THE AUTHOR.

100% WOOL
31.20%
VIRGIN WOOL

THE MARINER.

CANTO I.



16027 W/3M
21.00/4
7649811

ANALYSIS OF CANTO I.

INTRODUCTION, suggested by the recent state of Europe, agitated by the convulsions of war, presenting scenes of carnage and horrific desolation; while, through the coalition of ambitious monarchs, some, with their imperial legions, are overthrown, and others, triumphing mount to the summits of military fame and glory; so that all, combined, afford a tremendous demonstration of an omnipotent, superintending and righteous Providence governing the world, and scourging the guilty nations with the scorpions of war.—Invocation to those winds which have the principal agency in producing delightful breezes, storms and hurricanes at sea.—Allusion to a passage in Horace, and to the mystic charm which still allures the mariner to traverse the deep.

As navigation and its collateral circumstances, together with the various scenes in which the mariner is, from the nature of his pursuit, peculiarly involved, constitute the *tessera* of the poem, the ships of Columbia are, by a figure, represented as launching into the deep from the summits of her mountains which are espoused with the majestic trees so well calculated for naval structures.—The character of the American vessels, in relation to their general form and appearance—the superiority of American naval architecture.—View of a port where the ships are busily employed in loading and unloading, as it appears in the full tide of commerce.—Picture of the condition and feelings of the mariner preparing for a voyage on such an occasion.—Digression to the Argonautic expedition, as illustrative of that powerful principle by

which mankind are drawn to explore distant regions of both earth and sea.—An enquiry after this principle, addressed to the sons of science, especially those who make the constitution and character of man a particular part of their investigations.—Answered by resolving it into an original principle of our nature, predicated upon that great system of moral order established by the Creator, in the management of which He evinces his supreme wisdom and goodness in bringing “light out of darkness, and order out of confusion.”—hence an apostrophe to the Supreme Being.—The origin and progress of the art of navigation—first communicated by Deity to Noah when commanded to build the ark—its revival and progress after the flood, first by the Arabians—next the Egyptians—Tyrus—Carthage—Palestine—Greece—Italy—allusion to the irruption of the Northern tribes upon the Roman empire, and the partial extinction of the arts and sciences in its overthrow.—Instances of naval conflicts and victories previously to the prostration of the art in the downfall of Rome—the battle of Salamis—of Mycala—of Actium.—The revival of navigation in the Isles of Venice—its successive progress and spreading glory—Genoa—Venice, Piza, in Italy.—Discovery of the needle’s polarity and invention of the mariner’s compass by Gioia.—Apostrophe to the magnetic virtue.—Navigation in Portugal—in Spain.—Discovery of the Western world by Columbus.—Apostrophe to Columbus—to Isabella—Diaz doubles the Cape of Good Hope—voyage of Magellan—progress of navigation in the North of Europe—Russia—Britain—its progress and auspices.—The origin, expanding progress and utility of the whole illustrated by a comparison drawn from the Nile.

THE MARINER.

CANTO I.

WHILE Europe's thrones, to blind collision driv'n,
Announce the wrath—fulfil the *will* of Heav'n,
And realms of carnage, seas of blood arise
In all their horrors to our pitying eyes: ⁽¹⁾
While princes league at wild ambition's call,
And legions sink—imperial despots fall; ⁽²⁾
While conq'ring heroes, ⁽³⁾ rob'd in triumph, shine,
Their names enroll'd in Fame's immortal shrine;
While all the flames of fierce Bellona's ire
Mankind involve, and set the world on fire.



My soul, inspir'd by other themes sublime,
(Themes that shall last commensurate with time,) Presumes to sing, tho' in imperfect strain,
Life's chequer'd scene upon the rolling Main.

Come gentle Zephyr, thou whose balmy sigh
Infusest pensive love and lonely joy;
Whose soothing words, in Autumn's tranquil hour,
Allay the rolling wave of passion's power; -
Whose genial mildness draws affliction's dart,
And steeps in pleasing wo the bleeding heart—
O come! and shed thy softest, fairest pow'rs
To grace my song and strew my verse with flow'rs.
Whilst Boreas, thou and Eurus both combine,
And lift, to boldest grandeur, lift the line:
Nay, rouse your rage, your utmost fury arm,
Display a scene of terror and alarm;
Bid ocean's billows in convulsion roll,
And shake, with surging wrath, the pond'rous pole.

Well sang the bard of Rome's Augustan age,
(Whose soul had felt the Adriatic's rage,) "A threefold shield of brass must have secur'd
His dauntless heart, who daring, first dur'd
The toils of ocean, and without dismay
Travers'd the stormy billows of the sea." (4)

But there are charms above the pow'rs of art,
Whose grateful force *commands* the yielding heart;
Whose magic influence still attracts the soul,
(Just as the quiv'ring needle seeks the pole,) Allures the mariner to realms afar,
His path through floods, his guide some lonely star.

From mountain heights, where tow'ring pines arise
In native grandeur to the bending skies;
Where branching oaks an hundred years have stood,
Confirm'd by time, the monarchs of the wood,
Behold descend, begirt with strength and pride,
Columbia's fleet into the yielding tide.

What beauteous forms th' incumbent ships display!
What stately grace and swelling harmony!
How trim they ride, how gently kiss the wave!
How fleet they move, how steady and how brave!

Hail, sons of Genius! at whose swift command
The gallant vessel rises on the strand.
Ye naval Architects! whose pow'rs sublime,
In Freedom's keels, shall visit ev'ry clime;
Proclaim to Europe, and the haughty lords
Of Albion's Isle—"Columbia's soil affords
As genuine talent, skill and taste refin'd
As you can boast, with Greece and Rome com-
bin'd." (8)

Mark where yon port its ample bosom spreads,
And shooting masts, like forests, rear their heads!
Where all ~~alve~~, the justling ships disclose
A throng'd turmoil, impatient of repose!

While far aloof, in undulating dance,
The star-bespangled banners meet the glance
Of eye enraptur'd, joyous to survey
The op'ning scenes of bright futurity.

With lightsome heart the jovial sailor there,
'Mid song disportive, plies his daily care.
From vexing gusts of mad, politic strife,
And all the storms that rock domestic life;
From haughty opulence, insulting pride,
Black envy's leer malign, prostrating stride
Of panting calumny, and from the sway
Of lord despotic, *free*, the jocund day
He cheerly passes, quaffs the social glass,
Propines the winds, or toasts some blooming lass.

The city's pomp, and all its specious glare
Of flaunting honours, all its motley fare
Of high and low, august and meanly base,
Of rich and poor, of learned, and the race

Of vulgar souls, whose grov'ling minds display
No trace of science, no expanding ray
Of bright'ning intellect, (nor grace of art
Can rouse their genius, or can warm their heart,))
Attract him not—nor can the simple charms
Of rural beauty win him to her arms.

For him in vain the distant shady grove
Its fragrance breathes, and tunes its notes of love;
For him, in vain, on banks of nect'rous thyme,
The bee consumes the hours of vernal prime;
For him in vain the blooming forests rise
In renovation sweet, and scent the skies;
For him in vain maturing harvests blow,
The vine its tendril shoots, the olives grow;
In vain for him the nymphs frequent the plain;
Pomona blushes, Ceres stoops in vain.
To other charms he fondly yields his soul,
O'er other scenes his thoughts incessant roll.

To east or west, to north or south he flies
On fancy's pinions, visits other skies;
Ploughs distant oceans, distant worlds surveys,
And tempts the dangers of the wat'ry ways.—
Not sylvan strains, though widow'd beauty weep,
Can touch his heart to charm him from the deep.

Thus in the days ere Ilium's lofty towers,
To vengeance doom'd, appeas'd celestial powers;⁽⁶⁾
Ere noble Hector, dire Achilles rose
In hostile arms, the terror of their foes,
And Trojan ranks were roll'd in dust and gore,
And Argive legions bit a foreign shore—
Those daring Greeks, the Argonautic band,
Their Argo fram'd and launch'd her from the strand
Of fam'd Iolcus, destin'd to explore
The Euxine billows and the Colchian shore.⁽⁷⁾

Not all the joys Arcadian forests bear,
Nor all the sweets of Tempe's blissful air;

Not all the germs of science Athens yields,
Nor all the blooms that flush Thessalian fields;
Not all the sacred founts from Ossa born,
Nor all the wreaths Parnassus' brows adorn;—
Not all the grandeur Greece confed'rate wears
Can seize their breasts, controll'd by billowy cares.
That mystic pow'r to which the seaman yields
Impels their souls—they plough old Ocean's fields;
O'er rolling seas to barb'rous climes they 're borne,
While in their course they hold the gates of morn.

Intrepid Jason first in honour stands,
And fifty heroes wait his swift commands;
His skilful eye the fragile barks employ,
Lest rocks oppose, or latent shoals annoy.
Lo, in his train what godlike souls are found!
(The sires of those on Ilion's plains renown'd.)
Illustrious Peleus, Tydeus great in mind,
And Hercules, the friend of human kind.

Immortal Orpheus graces too the band,
Whose potent lyre holds nature at command;
Woods, rocks and rills, obsequious, own its charms,
And furious beasts it of their rage disarms.
Yea, through the seats of Orcus once it rung
Such strains resistless, and such magic flung
Around the soul of Pluto, monarch drear!
As mov'd his heart, and drew an 'iron tear.'—
Immortal Orpheus tunes his lyre divine,
Inspires their souls, and pours through ev'ry line
Their deeds of fame—these favour'd bards prolong
To distant ages, roll'd through classic song.

But tell me, ye, whose minds, by knowledge warm'd,
By science lighten'd and by truth inform'd,
Explore the deep recesses of the soul,
Recount its movements and its pow'r's control;
Whose sapient glance, with wisdom half divine,
Unveils the motives, shews the tortuous line

Of mental operation—ye, who scan
The multifarious acts of various man,
Explain the cause, unfold the mystic charm—
Why turns the seaman to the wild alarm
Of ocean's billows, as to beauty's smile
That lures to pain, and tempts but to beguile?

When clouds, convolved, have seal'd the source of
light,
And roll'd, in death-like gloom, a tenfold night;
When sulph'rous flames have flash'd a spectre glare,
And thunders crashing rent the lab'ring air;
When tempest's wing hath rush'd with mad'ning sweep,
Uproll'd the billows, rock'd the briny deep,
And chaos wild, in car of fury driv'n,
Commingling, lash'd the waves 'gainst highest heav'n—
When scenes like these have seiz'd the seaman's soul,
Nor all his skill can save, nor pow'r control;
When ev'ry swing of ocean's pond'rous bed,
Deep fraught with wo, and visions of the dead,

Hath hurl'd and wrench'd and plung'd the quaking
keel—

O say, who know, what charm, what pow'r doth kneel
The seaman's mind, allure his heart again
To launch amidst the false, tempestuous main?
Doth man delight in dangers, toils and death?
Thinks he 'tis sweet to sport with vital breath?
Is't gain for him to lose his all, his life?
Knowledge to know he lives 'midst nature's strife?
Is't reason's voice, 'go plunge 'midst perils dark,
Where horrors reign, and drear afflictions mark
The toiling wretch, who, lab'ring still to save
His life in death—must sink beneath the wave?

Methinks I scan

The cause profound.—The deep, mysterious plan
Of moral order, leading good from ill,
The problem solves, explains with nicest skill
The various parts of this amazing whole,
Where evil reigns—but reigns by wise control.

My soul, inspir'd by other themes sublime,
(Themes that shall last commensurate with time,) Presumes to sing, tho' in imperfect strain,
Life's chequer'd scene upon the rolling Main.

Come gentle Zephyr, thou whose balmy sigh
Infusest pensive love and lonely joy;
Whose soothing words, in Autumn's tranquil hour,
Allay the rolling wave of passion's power; -
Whose genial mildness draws affliction's dart,
And steeps in pleasing wo the bleeding heart—
O come! and shed thy softest, fairest pow'rs
To grace my song and strew my verse with flow'rs.
Whilst Boreas, thou and Eurus both combine,
And lift, to boldest grandeur, lift the line:
Nay, rouse your rage, your utmost fury arm,
Display a scene of terror and alarm;
Bid ocean's billows in convulsion roll,
And shake, with surging wrath, the pond'rous pole.

Well sang the bard of Rome's Augustan age,
(Whose soul had felt the Adriatic's rage,) "A threefold shield of brass must have secur'd
His dauntless heart, who daring, first dur'd
The toils of ocean, and without dismay
Travers'd the stormy billows of the sea." (4)

But there are charms above the pow'rs of art,
Whose grateful force *commands* the yielding heart;
Whose magic influence still attracts the soul,
(Just as the quiv'ring needle seeks the pole,) Allures the mariner to realms afar,
His path through floods, his guide some lonely star.

From mountain heights, where tow'ring pines arise
In native grandeur to the bending skies;
Where branching oaks an hundred years have stood,
Confirm'd by time, the monarchs of the wood,
Behold descend, begirt with strength and pride,
Columbia's fleet into the yielding tide.

What beauteous forms th' incumbent ships display!
What stately grace and swelling harmony!
How trim they ride, how gently kiss the wave!
How fleet they move, how steady and how brave!

Hail, sons of Genius! at whose swift command
The gallant vessel rises on the strand.
Ye naval Architects! whose pow'rs sublime,
In Freedom's keels, shall visit ev'ry clime;
Proclaim to Europe, and the haughty lords
Of Albion's Isle—"Columbia's soil affords
As genuine talent, skill and taste refin'd
As you can boast, with Greece and Rome com-
bin'd."⁽⁵⁾

Mark where yon port its ample bosom spreads,
And shooting masts, like forests, rear their heads!
Where all ~~arive~~, the justling ships disclose
A throng'd turmoil, impatient of repose!

While far aloof, in undulating dance,
The star-bespangled banners meet the glance
Of eye enraptur'd, joyous to survey
The op'ning scenes of bright futurity.

With lightsome heart the jovial sailor there,
'Mid song disportive, plies his daily care.
From vexing gusts of mad, politic strife,
And all the storms that rock domestic life;
From haughty opulence, insulting pride,
Black envy's leer malign, prostrating stride
Of panting calumny, and from the sway
Of lord despotic, *free*, the jocund day
He cheerly passes, quaffs the social glass,
Propines the winds, or toasts some blooming lass.

The city's pomp, and all its specious glare
Of flaunting honours, all its motley fare
Of high and low, august and meanly base,
Of rich and poor, of learned, and the race

Of vulgar souls, whose grov'ling minds display
No trace of science, no expanding ray
Of bright'ning intellect, (nor grace of art
Can rouse their genius, or can warm their heart,)
Attract him not—nor can the simple charms
Of rural beauty win him to her arms.

For him in vain the distant shady grove
Its fragrance breathes, and tunes its notes of love;
For him, in vain, on banks of nect'rous thyme,
The bee consumes the hours of vernal prime;
For him in vain the blooming forests rise
In renovation sweet, and scent the skies;
For him in vain maturing harvests blow,
The vine its tendril shoots, the olives grow;
In vain for him the nymphs frequent the plain;
Pomona blushes, Ceres stoops in vain.
To *other* charms he fondly yields his soul,
O'er *other* scenes his thoughts incessant roll.

To east or west, to north or south he flies
On fancy's pinions, visits other skies;
Ploughs distant oceans, distant worlds surveys,
And tempts the dangers of the wat'ry ways.—
Not sylvan strains, though widow'd beauty weep,
Can touch his heart to charm him from the deep.

Thus in the days ere Ilium's lofty towers,
To vengeance doom'd, appeas'd celestial powers; ⁽⁶⁾
Ere noble Hector, dire Achilles rose
In hostile arms, the terror of their foes,
And Trojan ranks were roll'd in dust and gore,
And Argive legions bit a foreign shore—
Those daring Greeks, the Argonautic band,
Their Argo fram'd and launch'd her from the strand
Of fam'd Iolcus, destin'd to explore
The Euxine billows and the Colchian shore. ⁽⁷⁾

Not all the joys Arcadian forests bear,
Nor all the sweets of Tempe's blissful air;

Not all the germs of science Athens yields,
Nor all the blooms that flush Thessalian fields;
Not all the sacred founts from Ossa born,
Nor all the wreaths Parnassus' brows adorn;—
Not all the grandeur Greece confed'rate wears
Can seize their breasts, controll'd by billowy cares.
That mystic pow'r to which the seaman yields
Impels their souls—they plough old Ocean's fields;
O'er rolling seas to barb'rous climes they 're borne,
While in their course they hold the gates of morn.

Intrepid Jason first in honour stands,
And fifty heroes wait his swift commands;
His skilful eye the fragile barks employ,
Lest rocks oppose, or latent shoals annoy.
Lo, in his train what godlike souls are found!
(The sires of those on Ilion's plains renown'd.)
Illustrious Peleus, Tydeus great in mind,
And Hercules, the friend of human kind.

Immortal Orpheus graces too the band,
Whose potent lyre holds nature at command;
Woods, rocks and rills, obsequious, own its charms,
And furious beasts it of their rage disarms.
Yea, through the seats of Orcus once it rung
Such strains resistless, and such magic flung
Around the soul of Pluto, monarch drear!
As mov'd his heart, and drew an 'iron tear.'—
Immortal Orpheus tunes his lyre divine,
Inspires their souls, and pours through ev'ry line
Their deeds of fame—these favour'd bards prolong
To distant ages, roll'd through classic song.

But tell me, ye, whose minds, by knowledge warm'd,
By science lighten'd and by truth inform'd,
Explore the deep recesses of the soul,
Recount its movements and its pow'rs control;
Whose sapient glance, with wisdom half divine,
Unveils the motives, shews the tortuous line

Of mental operation—ye, who scan
The multifarious acts of various man,
Explain the cause, unfold the mystic charm—
Why turns the seaman to the wild alarm
Of ocean's billows, as to beauty's smile
That lures to pain, and tempts but to beguile?

When clouds, convolved, have seal'd the source of
light,
And roll'd, in death-like gloom, a tenfold night;
When sulph'rous flames have flash'd a spectre glare,
And thunders crashing rent the lab'ring air;
When tempest's wing hath rush'd with mad'ning sweep,
Uproll'd the billows, rock'd the briny deep,
And chaos wild, in car of fury driv'n,
Commingling, lash'd the waves 'gainst highest heav'n—
When scenes like these have seiz'd the seaman's soul,
Nor all his skill can save, nor pow'r control;
When ev'ry swing of ocean's pond'rous bed,
Deep fraught with wo, and visions of the dead,

Hath hurl'd and wrench'd and plung'd the quaking
keel—

O say, who know, what charm, what pow'r doth kneel
The seaman's mind, allure his heart again
To launch amidst the false, tempestuous main?
Doth man delight in dangers, toils and death?
Thinks he 'tis sweet to sport with vital breath?
Is't gain for him to lose his all, his life?
Knowledge to know he lives 'midst nature's strife?
Is't reason's voice, 'go plunge 'midst perils dark,
Where horrors reign, and drear afflictions mark
The toiling wretch, who, lab'ring still to save
His life in death—must sink beneath the wave?"

Methinks I scan

The cause profound.—The deep, mysterious plan
Of moral order, leading good from ill,
The problem solves, explains with nicest skill
The various parts of this amazing whole,
Where evil reigns—but reigns by *wise control*.

Great Pow'r Supreme, who framed'st the earth and sea,
Whose throne, deep-bas'd, stands on eternity;
Whose peerless sceptre rules to nature's bound,
By justice balanc'd, and with mercy crown'd;
Whose wisdom, goodness, through creation shine,
While all thy works reflect thy Name Divine;
When first thou bad'st this planetary ball
In grandeur rise at thy creative call;
In beauty rob'd, prepar'd a fit abode
For man immortal, fav'rite child of God!
The ocean billows then thou mad'st to roll
A spacious path for him from pole to pole.
Thy wisdom form'd this scene terraqueous then,
And thou ordain'dst it for the sons of men—
Ordain'dst that they should mount thro' toil, distress,
To knowledge, riches, pow'r and happiness.

'Tis Nature's mandate, therefore, heard and known,
(And who bows not before her awful throne!)

That bids the mariner again repair
To mountain billows rock'd by tempest air;
Himself commit, though oft deceiv'd, once more,
To faithless winds and deeps ne'er trac'd before.

Thus man, design'd by his Creator's will
To reign on earth, his various part fulfil
On this vast stage of complicated life,
Encounters dangers 'midst the shocks and strife
Of elemental uproar, mounts the wave,
And conq'ring rides—or meets a billowy grave.

Hail! Art divine, (deem not the term profane,
'Twas Heav'n first taught to rule the boist'rous main,)
Hail! art divine, thy sacred source I see
Far back in time, disclos'd by Deity.
'Twas not from *him*,⁽⁸⁾ whom fabled legends sing
The monarch of the waves, thou first did'st spring;
Nor demigod, nor hero gave thee birth,
Nor mortal man.

In distant years, when Heav'n's avenging rod
Was rais'd to crush the rebel foes of God;
When rapine, violence, lust and deeds of blood
Provok'd the skies, in wrath, to pour a flood
Of rolling vengeance deluging the sphere
Of suff'ring earth—e'en then was Mercy near
Th' Almighty's throne, her hand of grace she wav'd—
Her suit prevail'd, and Noah's house was sav'd.

“ Go,” said th’ Eternal, “ rear a fabric; I
Will knowledge give; how long, how broad, how high,
From *me* thou learn’s’t—with form and strength to brave
Aërial storms, and ride the boundless wave.”
Divinely taught the Patriarch Saint obey’d,
(Stupendous labour!) and the *ARK* was made.

Thus sprang that art which gives to man the sway
Of ocean’s empire—leads him on his way
To farthest regions—guides him in his course
To palms of glory—to the fruitful source

Of wealth and knowledge, and unveils the throne
Of pow'r august, though slumb'ring and alone.⁽⁹⁾

Hence, when this globe, the work of vengeance done,
Emerging smil'd, and hail'd the cheering sun;
When rescu'd man, the precious remnant, trod
On earth again, and turn'd the verdant sod;
When tribes increas'd and cities crown'd the plain,
When kingdoms rose, and nations seized a name—
First Yamen's⁽¹⁰⁾ sons, advent'rous, skilful, bold,
O'er Indian billows wafted spice and gold;
The art divine with prosp'rous issue plied,
And sail'd triumphant o'er the foaming tide.

Next Egypt's realm, the land of mystic lore,
Where Edom's waves roll on her eastern shore,
Aspiring rose, and daring, launch'd away
Through untried floods, to ports of orient day.
Here first the deep its ample stores display'd,
And Mizraim saw, with hope, her infant trade;

Beheld its rising years with glory crown'd,
Her pow'r augmented, and her sons renown'd.

But fair the path, resplendent is the way
Of art evolving into fuller day.
Thus navigation, in its course sublime,
Unfolded clear, as down the stream of time
Its quick'ning rays their influence shed afar,
And Tyrus shone a bright, commercial star.
As yet no keel had plough'd the distant tide,
Nor pilot dar'd on western wave to ride;
No cumbrous barque, with whit'ning sails unfurl'd,
Had boldly travell'd o'er the wat'ry world.
Phœnicia's genius rose with rapid sweep,
And, ardent, caught the spirit of the deep;
Through seas unknown, 'midst dark, ethereal war,
The Tyrian seamen hail'd th' Hesperian star.
Not India's realms their wide ambition fill,
Nor waves AEGEAN pass their nautic skill;

Round Afric's shore their spreading purple waves,
And all the storms of Congo's coast it braves.⁽¹¹⁾
Thus ancient Tyre in pow'r and splendor rose,
By nations envied and rever'd by foes;
In commerce found exhaustless stores of gain,
And proudly reign'd the Mistress of the main.

Nor was her soul to wealth exclusive bound—
It rose expansive, spurn'd the narrow ground⁽¹²⁾
That trac'd her limits on the Syrian strand,
And nobly sought a distant, wider land.
Far in the west, where Atlas, giant form!
In grandeur heaves, and tow'rs above the storm;
Where Africa's sea-skirted regions spread,⁽¹³⁾
She plants her race—and Carthage lifts her head.
To nature true, tho' billows interroll,
The genuine offspring feels the parent's soul;⁽¹⁴⁾
Inhales her spirit from each orient gale,
Invests the deep, and dextrous spreads its sail.

New vigor here the growing art unfolds,
And rivalship in Carthage Tyre beholds;
Her thousand keels o'er various oceans steer
In navigation's op'ning, wide career.

Thus when some Sage, whose heav'n-illumin'd soul
O'er rugged fields of science taught to roll,
With anxious step, and deep exploring eye
Evolves some truth important, doth descry
Some latent principle of leading worth,
Unlocking springs of usefulness to earth;
And in the ardor of a noble zeal
Full to a *pupil* mind his thoughts reveal:
Th' aspiring youth, deep in his glowing breast
The flame receives, through diffidence supprest—
Pursues its course, a track divinely bright,
And rising, mounts, conducted by its light;
Till far aloof, forth bursting from the blaze
Of intellectual splendor, streaming rays

Of truth and knowledge from his genius flow,
And light the path of wilder'd man below:—
Immortal bays encircle fair his brow,
And hon'ring millions to his precepts bow.

Or where some Eagle, from her aërie high,
Her tim'rous young quick plunges down the sky, ⁽¹⁵⁾
Then wheeling, mounts, and soaring, leads the way
Through fields of azure tow'rds the source of day—
The flut'ring eaglet, thus allur'd to spring
On *native vigour*, spreads its trembling wing;
Remounting, follows up the viewless height,
And o'er its parent drinks the flood of light.

Nor did the spirit of navigation rest
On Tyrian seas, and oceans of the west;
On Jewry's realm a sacred portion fell,
And Israel's monarch felt the potent spell. ⁽¹⁶⁾
O'er Indian waves, lo! Judah's sons are driv'n
By prosp'rous winds, the fav'rite care of Heav'n;

Returning gales their barques deep-freighted bring,
And Salem hails her wealth-creating king.
His heaven taught soul to Ophir's mines of gold
Directs its glance, their treasures to unfold—
The groves of Tarshish eager to explore,
And waft their sweets to Palestina's shore.

Meanwhile the isles of *Ægia*'s boiling deep
Their canvass spread, and o'er its bosom sweep;
Achia's realms the roving spirit finds,
And Grecian commerce courts the fickle winds.
The Art, progressing slow, with languor grows,
'Till Macedon, impatient of repose,
Gives to the world her throne-subverting king,⁽¹⁷⁾
When Tyrus falls, and from her ruins spring
The spacious walls of Delta's western tide,
Where Grecian fleets, in Indian traffic, ride.⁽¹⁸⁾

Italia, too, the magic influence caught,
(From Ilion's shore by great *Æneas* brought,)

Felt the quick pulse of commerce rapid beat,
Her genius rous'd, and form'd a numerous fleet;
To naval fields convey'd her sons of Mars,
And on the billows wag'd victorious wars.

But Tyrus fell—the queen of commerce proud
Her sceptre dropp'd, to Asia's victor bow'd—
To Egypt's seat her naval glories pass'd,
And conq'ring Greece her falling laurels grasp'd.
And Carthage, too, that rode the western wave,
In triumph rode, and wealth to Europe gave,
To vengeance doomed, endured the iron rod
Of Latium's wrath, the instrument of God;
Resign'd the deep to Rome's imperial sway,
And bowing, drank the wave that quench'd her orb of
day.—

Yea, Greece, in turn, her ocean empire yields,
And Rome supreme the potent trident wields.
Nor does she wield it to extend the reign
Of navigation o'er the spacious main,⁽¹⁹⁾

Her giant pow'r its vig'rous aid demands
To crush her foes—nor forms she *other* plans;
Content to rule o'er *lands* with tyrant sway,
Behold them bowing, and her will obey.

No daring thought had rous'd her lion soul
To scan the deep and view the dreary pole;
No ardent thirst had seiz'd her vig'rous mind,
And urg'd her forth some unknown world to find;
Some distant land, some region of the sun,
Where Nature blooms, and streams mellif'lous run
Of health, and joy, and bliss—continuous flow!
And give to man a draught of heav'n below.
A sordid pride, a false imagin'd worth
Disdain'd such action—bound her to the *earth*;⁽²⁰⁾
From which the art no beam *maturing* knew—
In sterile soil and chilling damps it grew.

As when some flow'r its rising form displays,
And swelling, shoots, and courts the genial rays;

Ethereal nectar sips each op'ning dawn,
Its bloom unfolds, and scents the verdant lawn:—
'Till in an hour of unpropitious birth,
(When renovated nature springs from earth,) Some aged trunk his leafy branches spread,
And o'er it weave a cold, mortif'rous shade—
The thick'ning gloom admits no friendly ray,
It shivers, shrinks, and drooping, dies away.
So bloom'd the art, expanding as it rose,
When Roman pride a nightshade-mantle throws
Around its head, involving 'midst the gloom
Its op'ning charms—and shuts them in the tomb.
Yes, *then* it fell—when rude, barbarian hand
Pour'd desolation round a classic land;
Then arts and science, knowledge, order fell,
'To ruin swept before its boundless swell.⁽³¹⁾

Well may the Muse o'er fallen Genius mourn,
And sighing, point to Learning's sacred urn;

With tears survey the carnage-cover'd plains
Where darkness triumphs, and where ignorance reigns;
Behold with grief the evanescent span
Of mental light, that gleams in savage man;
Bewail the woes that seiz'd the moral world,
When Gothic rage its lev'ling thunders hurl'd.

Yet ere the floods, collected in the North,
Their barriers burst, and roll'd their vengeance forth,
The art divine, triumphant, shone afar,
And Salamis display'd its trophy'd car.⁽²²⁾
There Iran's millions saw its conq'ring pow'r,⁽²³⁾
They trembling saw, and fled the fatal hour.
Nor fled in safety—lo! across the deep,
On spreading wings, see Attic vengeance sweep;
Mycale's heights reflect the victor light,⁽²⁴⁾
And Xerxes' glory sinks in deep'ning night.
Nor Greece alone, victorious, hail'd the day
When navigation's rising, potent sway

Her mind employ'd, allur'd her to the wave
Her foes to vanquish, and her country save.

Lo! Egypt's queen, that daring Amazon,⁽²⁵⁾
To hurl Octavius from his purple throne
Her fleet prepares, intrepid spreads her sail—
But Actium sees her naval prowess fail;
Sees conq'ring Cæsar through the billows plough,
And snatch the laurel falling from her brow.
Thus far the art evinc'd its growing might
Ere Rome's imperial sun had set in endless night.

Yet not like *this* did it for ever fall,
But soon reviv'd, obedient to the call
Of man relum'd, and phoenix-like, arose
In youthful vigour from its death repose.
Italia's sons first call'd it from the grave,
And saw it rise o'er Adria's northern wave—
On marshy isles it rests, near Mantua's steep,
And Venice rises 'midst the billowy deep.⁽²⁶⁾

Hence rose afresh the mighty art that wields
Controlling pow'r o'er ocean's boundless fields;
Gives earth-born man o'er liquid realms to roll,
New worlds survey and regions of the pole.
Yes, Venice rose by navigation's aid,
In grandeur rose, and ocean's sceptre sway'd—
O'er various seas her Sun of commerce smiles,
And sheds a glory on her hundred Isles.

Genoa, too, contending for the sway
Of ocean empire, holds her devious way
To distant lands—from various regions bears
Stupendous treasures, and with Venice shares
The vast dominion of the rolling main,
Her throne of glory and her source of gain.
Hence rose her sons in nautic skill profound,
For bold emprise and seamen brave renown'd;
The Art divine her active powers rear'd
And show'd a man admiring worlds rever'd. (27)

And now begun, the spreading flame prevails,
While Latium, rous'd, its genial splendor hails.
Genoa, Venice, Pisa, stretch afar
O'er orient seas, and launch the Holy war; ⁽²⁸⁾
Returning, waft, (a thirst-creating feast,)
To Europe's ports the luxuries of the East.

The time arriv'd, ordain'd by Heav'n's decree,
That gives to man the limits of the sea,
Gioia lifts his scientific soul,
And points the needle to its kindred pole. ⁽²⁹⁾

Hail, pow'r mysterious! secret spring sublime,
That guides the mariner from clime to clime;
Through pathless floods directs his course afar,
A bright, unerring, never-setting star.
No longer doom'd to coast his ling'ring way
'Midst lurking rocks, through each Charybdean bay;
'To furl his sails, whene'er the solar light
Retiring sinks, and leaves a starless night.

Thy potent virtue, his meridian sun,
His polar star, still safely leads him on
Through seas tempestuous, where no nightly beam
Once breaks the gloom to shed a lonely gleam—
Where dark, thick clouds, incumbent, veil the deep,
And stormy spirits athwart the heav'ns sweep.

Magnetic virtue, hail! whate'er thou be;
Or subtile fluid, circling earth and sea—
Or stream invisible, impell'd to roll
From equatorial regions to the pole—
Or earth itself, a pond'rous magnet hurl'd—
Or iron globe, inclos'd within the world:—
Whate'er thou art—where'er thou dost reside,
Thy magic sway extends o'er ocean's tide;
Recluses the path to earth's remotest bound,
And guides the plunging keel through wat'ry realms
profound.

Italia's bounds unable to retain
The wide discursive spirit of the main,
O'er Alpine heights its splendid course appears,
And Portugal its quick'ning mandate hears.
Arous'd with ardour, anxious to explore
The Eastern Isles, and India's spicy shore,
Her naval sons, exulting, quick obey,
And o'er the rolling billows shape their way;
Impatient, seize on Navigation's plan,
And in the voyage of glory lead the van.

Hispania next, impell'd, prepares to rise,
And in the dang'rous course contend the prize.
For her reserved, a palm of victory
Immortal blooms beyond the western sea—
When lo! Columbus, heaven-directed soul,
O'er Oceans leads her safely to the goal.

Then, Art divine, thy glory he display'd,
While thy vast powers a wond'ring world survey'd.

Thy spirit then, swift as th' ethereal fire,
Did kingdoms seize, and mighty thrones inspire;
Drew nations forth on glorious enterprize
And gave new realms beneath auspicious skies.

Immortal hero! thine the *first essay*
To tread the dangers of a trackless way;
Unfold to man the mysteries of the main,
And shew him thence his own superior reign;
Transcend the mountains of a deep unknown,
And hail the Andes on his western throne.

O what emotions then thy soul possess'd,
By hope elated, and by fear depress'd!
What ardor urged thee in thy bright career!
And yet, what clouds of vengeance lower'd near!

Three feeble barques thy little fleet compose—
Thy seamen cowards some—and some thy foes;

Without resources for so vast a plan,
Or means to govern lawless, savage man;
No shelt'ring refuge from the storms of heaven
When, seized by tempests, o'er the billows driven;
Nor rocks, nor mounts, nor verdant vales, nor trees
Once bless the longing eye—but boundless seas,
Unknown, untraversed, rushing at the sound
Of whirlwind trumpets, rage convulsive round:—
'Midst scenes like these thy sun-like spirit rose
In splendid triumph o'er its clouds of foes;
Pursued its path stupendous still in view,
And to the *ancient* world disclosed the *new*.

How shall we sing thy worth, Columbus! where
Commence thy tale of wo?—But we forbear.—
All future ages shall thy deeds proclaim,
Reflecting lustre on thy deathless name—
Shall o'er thy suff'rings and thy wrongs severe
In sorrow bend, and drop compassion's tear.

Immortal hero! thine the lucid mind,
That naval skill and science *first* combined;
First scan'd the ocean with supreme control,
And marked *how far*, and *where* its waters roll;
Marked how the deep with curving surface run,
And India viewed beneath the setting sun: ⁽³⁰⁾
Thy soul, undaunted, met the furious storm
Of ignorance, malice, envy, avarice, scorn;
By conscious worth and rectitude sustained,
Its vengeance brav'd or impotence disdained.

Yet *one* there was, whose noble soul, sublimed
By vigorous thought and sentiment refined,
To thine attuned, prepared its worth to scan,
Espoused thy cause, and bore thy mighty plan.

Illustrious monarch! queen of Castile's throne,
Thou in the struggle greatly stood alone;
In moral grandeur tower'd above the slave
That wore the crown his virtue never gave; ⁽³¹⁾

Displayed a mind enlightened, generous, brave,
And nobly rose thy kingdom's palm to save.
Illustrious woman! while the angel form
Of female beauty shall our earth adorn;
While freedom's land, Columbia's blissful clime,
In mem'ry lives, and notes the march of time;
Thy glorious deeds each rising age shall tell,
And hail thy name, transcendant Isabell!

Meanwhile the art, with rolling speed, proclaims
Its native grandeur o'er the liquid plains.
Green ocean's flood in peace no longer rolls
Its glassy billows, seized by daring souls;
Advent'rous keels, impatient, plough its tide,
And ardent seek its various waves to ride.

Lo! Diaz brave, undaunted, winds his way
Through boist'rous seas across the path of day;
Exulting views the genii of the deep,
Involved 'midst storms, around De Cabo sweep. (22)

And see Magellan, fearless, stretch afar
Beneath the beam of yonder western star,
Where day's proud monarch from his throne late hurl'd
His setting shafts o'er half the wat'ry world.
What ocean now the mounting spirit confines?
Behold it darts to distant, northern climes;
Germania's keels o'er Baltic billows bound,
And call to life the slumb'ring nations round.

Far down the sphere, where scarce the feeble ray
Of solar light, shot from meridian day
With glance oblique, can vital warmth impart,
And thaw the blood that freezes round the heart;
Where Scythia spreads her ice-bound realms afar
Beneath the frosty beams of Arctic star;
Where round her cold, bleak capes and dreary shore,
Dark, howling storms, and polar billows roar—
There Russian genius, bent on bold emprise,
In daring conflict braves the adverse skies;

Through unplough'd seas its storm-lash'd vessel guides,
Nor yields its aim, though winds and rocks and tides
Combin'd oppose—but round Kamschatka hurl'd
On tempest's pinions, hails the western world.

By naval glory wak'd and trump of fame,
Britannia rises from the dark-blue main.
Lo! coral wreaths her humid brows adorn,
And liquid robes reflect the radiant morn;
A crystal zone, with proudly-coaming roll,
Surrounds her breast, and *typifies her soul*;
Upon her head an em'rald crown is seen,
By Thetis placed, the 'silver footed' queen;
While in her hand, by Neptune's gift, she wields
The quelling Trident of the billowy fields:—
Awak'd she rises, ocean feels her sway,
And rebel seas their duteous homage pay.
The heavenly art, with wide and rapid sweep,
Beneath her conduct traverses the deep,
Evolves its worth—her peerless power displays,
And *rolls a flood of glory on her ways*.

Her daring sons the wat'ry waste explore,
And wave their flag round Greenland's ice-girt shore;
'Through hostile floods to Eastern climes they steer,
And cull the fragrant treasures of the year;
From India's streams their pearly stores convey,
Nor dread the wrath of India's stormy sea.
Or if, perchance, on other waves unfurl'd,
'Their whitening sails salute the Western world,
They skilful ride o'er untried billows far,
And seek new lands beneath some unknown star.

And lo! where Cook, undaunted hero, glides
O'er Southern deeps, or ploughs the Arctic tides;
Nor barb'rous seas, nor angry floods control
The restless ardor of his vig'rous soul—
Around the world the art divine he bears,
Proclaims its triumph, and its glory shares.

Thus since that day when bounteous heav'n's decree
Bestow'd on man the empire of the sea;

When Wisdom taught him how to form a frame
Of naval structure on the rolling main,
And oped a course in which his daring soul
Might circuit earth, and round the frozen pole
In triumph ride—the power divinely given,
Hath grown and spread 'neath all the vault of heaven;
To ev'ry land enriching stores disclosed—
On ev'ry wave in victory reposed.

So sacred Nile, whose mystic source conceal'd
For ages, springs 'midst Geesh's marshy field;
Whose swelling streams Bejemder's heights control,
'Till down Alata's cataract they roll, (33)
Thund'ring abrupt, while echoing mountains roar
Confused applause to Babelmandel's shore—
Augmenting, pours his blissful tide along
Through laughing vales, as yet unknown to song;
O'er Egypt's realm, which burning skies annoy,
Expanding rolls, diffusing wealth and joy.



THE MARINER.

CANTO II.

E



ANALYSIS OF CANTO II.

The subject resumed as dropped in the first part, on the digression to the origin and progress of Navigation.—Amidst the stillness of evening, while the beams of the setting sun brighten the tranquil surface of the deep, the mariners weigh anchor and set sail before the springing breeze.—The sails evanish in the gathering mists of night.—Episode, Anna and Orlando.—A fine morning as it appears at sea.—Reflection on the morning songs of praise as arising from both the animate Creation and the inanimate.—The scene as it presents itself after the morning is fully opened—Reflection—The vessels appear gliding over the bosom of the ocean, each in its destined course, all employed in the career of commerce—hence an easy transition to the advantages of commerce, and the claims which it and the merchant have upon their country—Freedom of the ocean—System of impressment—prediction of its destruction—Sunset—Prospect then presented—occasion for contemplation not confined to scenes upon the land, but obtains, eminently, in a tranquil evening at sea.—A missionary ship—allusion to the Invincible Armada—to the Crusades—the principles that excite the Christian world now different from those which produced the Armada and the holy war—descent upon the Missionary cause—allusion to the slave trade—contrast between the two—Hence is naturally suggested the deplorable condition of mariners, in a moral point of view, and their destitution of the means of improvement—allusion to the exertions already begun by Christian Societies, for evangelising seamen—The ultimate effect.

of these represented by Divine Truths, appearing under the figure of Glory, and renovating the moral system of the deep.—Apostrophe to Columbia, for her noble activity in the Missionary cause.—A storm at sea—a hurricane—the vessel that outrides the gale—the one that goes down—the one that is wrecked upon rocks—sufferings of the unfortunate mariners—Wreck of the ship Haleswell—Conclusion.

THE MARINER.

CANTO II.

YES! 'tis Nature's call the Mariner obeys,
Whene'er he ventures on the watry ways;
Whene'er *again*, their dangers *once* surpassed,
He mounts the billows heaved by tempest's blast.

His setting beams the sun, in splendor, throws
Across yon slumb'ring deep that burnish'd glows,
One sheet of golden surface.—All around
Is evening silence, save th' enlivening sound
From joyous barques, that, floating, bears along
On zephyr's wing the seaman's anchor song.

With canvass spread and streamers high in air,
Their rolling ship the mariners prepare
With gallant trim, and balanced, bear away
Before the breeze that springs from sinking day:
Their loud huzzas, arising with the gale,
Proclaim 'Adieu,'—and die along the vale.

Through gath'ring mists the distant keel appears,
As objects viewed through lengthen'd tracts of years;
The lessening sails their whiteness gradual blend
With thickening shade, like snow at Autumn's end
Upon the stream—till melting from the eye,
They all evanish in the dusky sky.

The moon is up, and from her cloudy throne
Diffusing feeble radiance, reigns alone;
The stars obscured, no faithful vigils keep,
But dart a fitful glance upon the deep.

And mark that beauteous maid with head reclin'd
Against yon lonely cliff—her pensive mind
Absorbed in thought, conceals what sorrows rell
Deep o'er her breast and whelm her tender soul.
With hands slow clasp'd, she heaves a grief born sigh,
And o'er the ocean lifts a wistful eye;
A sudden horror checks th' enquiring glance,
While nothing meets it but the vast expanse
Of rolling waters, sounding on the shore
With dreary echo and a chilling roar—
Shrinking, she clasps a fragment of the steep—
Again surveys, with mournful eye, the deep.

“ And art thou gone, dear youth, whom I adore,
“ Gone from thy Anna to some foreign shore?
“ Dost thou now ride upon yon mountain wave,
“ Perhaps, ere long, thy lonely, watry grave?
“ Shall I no longer view thy manly form,
“ That graceful ease, and dignity adorn?

“ No longer see thy dark, keen eye which gleams
“ With intellectual lightning, and which beams
“ Intelligence and love? No longer hear
“ Thy rolling eloquence delight my ear?
“ Must I no more thy converse rich enjoy,
“ No more with thee my social hours employ?
“ O! why did heaven bestow on me a mind
“ Thus form’d to love—without one thought unkind!
“ Why was my heart to nature fram’d so true!
“ Affections soft, and pure as morning dew!—
“ Why was my soul with haughty pride not arm’d,
“ By wisdom, virtue, scorning to be charm’d?
“ Why did I not with supercilious air
“ Proclaim my rank, and rival other fair?
“ Then thou, Orlando, ne’er hadst won my soul,
“ Nor bowed my heart to gen’rous love’s control;
“ Thy noble mind, which light and life adorn,
“ Had ne’er to me disclosed a conq’ring charm—
“ But yet I loved thee—Yes, I love thee still,
“ Though sternly threaten’d by a parent’s will—

“ Though pride unbending scowl upon my flame,
“ And vainly pique itself upon a name.
“ But still I love thee—O propitious Power,
“ Be thou his guardian in each perilous hour!
“ When clouds and storms assail the mounting deep,
“ And spirits of wrath across its bosom sweep,
“ Do thou, descending, on the tempest’s wing
“ Controlling ride—and to him safety bring—
“ But should the barque that bears the much lov’d prize,
“ Unable to sustain the rushing skies,
“ By thee be doom’d to sink beneath the wave,
“ Receive his spirit from the whelming grave.
“ O let one thought of Anna’s love console
“ The last, death woes that o’er his bosom roll—
“ Then grant some angel from the sphere above
“ May waft his soul to realms of peace and love.”

Exhausted nature checks the fervent pray’r,
And feeble accents die along the air;

A gloom *portentous*, settling, veils her breast,
She sighing turns, and seeks the couch of rest.

Not thus Orlando—Though the golden dart
Of purest love had pierc'd his feeling heart,
Though Anna's virtues and her native charms
Had won his soul, invincible by arms;
Though anxious thoughts and thrilling pangs, combin'd,
Destroy'd his peace, and tossed his troubled mind;
While oft his slumbers, on the dark blue wave,
In all her charms the lovely virgin gave
Before his view—yet still he nobly bore
The storms that drove him from his native shore;
Yet still his soul, to fate superior far,
Rose in its sphere, and ruled a conquering star.

“Thou Righteous Power, whose will's supreme control
“Bids nature bloom—old ocean's billows roll;
“Commands the storm, surcharg'd with vengeance, rise,
“And rolls the spheres that wheel around the skies;

“Directs the car of Providence sublime,
“And nature rules through every age and clime—
“*Thine* is the work, thy hand Divine I own,
“And trace *each fortune* to thy sovereign throne.
“Why then should man, despairing, weep and mourn
“O'er parted joys and faded pleasure's urn?
“Why should I yield to sorrow's forceful stream,
“When heaven-born Hope, effulgent, sheds her beam;
“When God-like virtue from her throne appears,
“And beck'ning points to joys of future years?—
“No! armed with conscious worth and inward pow'r
“I calmly sail, and trust to heaven the hour
“That safe returns me to my distant home,
“To love's embrace, and rapture-gilded dome.”

His first young ray, the opening morn, afar
Shoots through the mists and hails the mariner;
On orient waves his dancing glories play,
And shed o'er ocean's face the golden day;

While fogs nocturnal, melting, disappear,
And give to view the vast horizon clear.
Far as the eye its visual powers can roll,
The liquid prospect fills th' expanding soul;
In boundless beauty to the ravish'd sight
The realms of ocean smile with morning light.

What though no songs of exultation rise
From hill or dale, as incense to the skies;
What though, on gales of balmy fragrance borne,
The grove's rich melodies ne'er hail the morn;
What though no lark on music's joyful wings,
Rolls her clear note, still mounting as she sings;
No vestal train a holy anthem raise,
In swelling harmony, the morning song of praise?
Yet still the floods Jehovah's goodness sound,
And speak his blessings to their utmost bound;
Yet still the billows all in concert join,
And lift to *Him* a song of praise divine.

The rolling sea, and all that it contains,
Proclaim his bounty—e'en the liquid plains
Now sing with joy, as from his radiant car
Day's Monarch smiles, and scatters life afar.

Wide o'er the expanse, on every hand are seen
The spreading sails, at intervals between;
While distant far, like summer clouds, *some* rise,
Just where the ocean meets the bending skies,
And still *advancing*, grow upon the eye,
'Till full display'd, the mariners descry
Each tow'ring mast, each flag, each convex sheet,
Each timoneer, and all the form complete—
Receding *some*, 'till vision faints away,
And nought remains but azure tracts of day.

What numerous loads of various fears and cares
The rolling world of mighty waters bears!
'Midst bustling scenes of pleasure on the shore,
What thousands list to hear the tempests roar!

What thousands hither turn an anxious mind,
Or throng'd with commerce, cheerful toil behind!

With ceaseless course across the waving tide
The various ships in peaceful silence glide,
Each on its track—some lay their course afar
To eastern climes, some hold the vesper star;]
Some brave the billows of the Arctic pole,
And some on waves of southern oceans roll:—
All in one glorious enterprise appear,
To bless mankind, and crown the circling year.

But who, my country, shall the palm obtain,
For wafting to thee blessings o'er the main?
To whom wilt thou the hon'ring meed assign,
A just reward of merit so sublime?
Whom shall we hail the medium of our joy,
Our various comforts? who shall still employ
Our noblest friendship, and our hearts inflame
To plead his cause, his injured rights sustain?

The gen'rous merchant—His the toil and care
To treat us fully with the world's best fare.
By *him* our boards, with richest viands press'd,
Around us smile; by him our limbs are dress'd;
He bids our bowl with vital juices flow,
The spring of gladness, lenient balm of wo;
Adorna our dwellings from the precious stores
Of Persia's purples, and from India's shores.
His noble soul, nor peril, nor fear dismays,
But, persevering, ploughs the various seas;
Dauntless and firm their diff'rent Isles explores,
Their varied treasures, and their distant shores:—
Or where the East, whose aromatic vales,
In lengthen'd prospect, open to the gales
Their fragrant bosoms—or, where gliding, pour
The Indus' streams to Sindy's diamond shore—
Or where the floods that, boist'rous, lash the strand
Of Afric's coast and Greece's classic land—
Or where the Baltic thunders in the North,
And Russia pours her tides of commerce forth—

Or higher still, where, with a hoarser roar,
The billows surge along Siberia's shore—
Or where the ocean, round the frozen clime
Of Greenland, groans beneath the cliffs sublime
Of Arctic ice, launch'd thund'ring, from the pole,
Unwieldy masses, through the deep to roll—
Or where the eye, in trackless deserts lost,
From Terra del Fuego to the coast
Of Onalaska, rolls its weary ball
O'er boundless wastes of waters—still the call
He prompt obeys, that leads him forth to share
The toils of commerce, and its burdens bear.

'Tis *thus* the merchant in his high career
Of *public good*, demands the meed sincere
Of *public favour*; claims the nation's power
To guard his course, to shield him in the hour
Of lawless rapine, and his plans sustain
That raise his country to unrivall'd fame.

And shall he not, thou Land of freedom brave,
By thee be sanction'd? Shall not commerce wave
Her golden standard, planted near thy throne,
O'er ev'ry sea that rolls betwixt each polar zone?
How vast her plea! How rich the page that bears
Her cogent reasons, and how strong appears
The merit of her case!—The world proclaims
Her peerless value, and her cause sustains.

What gave the empires of the earth a name,
And mark'd them high upon the rolls of fame?
What gave them wealth and power—what the sway
Of distant regions, ready to obey
Their sovereign mandates? Whence their wide control
O'er earth and ocean, round the steady pole?
"Twas Commerce, Regent of the billowy fields,
Who thus to all her endless treasures yields.
By *her* they rose, with strength and glory crown'd,
For virtue, knowledge, science, wealth renown'd.

Thus Tyrus rose, and ruled with potent hand
O'er mighty oceans, and Phœnicia's land;
Stupendous wealth, and arts illustrious shone
In weighty splendour round her seagirt throne.
Surrounding nations from her commerce too,
Their vital strength and richest honours drew;
Through eastern realms her fame immortal spread,
Reflecting glories on her *purple* head. ⁽¹⁾

And Carthage *thus* a rival queen appear'd
Of Rome imperial, by her commerce rear'd.
Thus Venice rais'd her empire on the wave,
In traffic rich, in navigation brave. *

That mighty League, whose wealth and power sublime
Gave laws to thrones, and ruled Germania's clime, ⁽²⁾
To commerce ow'd its vast, superior reign,
And by it sway'd the sceptre of the main.

But why thus ling'ring, view the ancient world?
Behold Britannia's wave-washed flag unfurl'd—
◆

Behold her, thron'd upon the rolling deep,
Command its treasures, and its empire keep;
Throughout her Isle the tides of commerce pour
Their swelling streams, enriching every shore;
O'er ev'ry flood her seamen shape their way,
And from each clime its native stores convey:
While round the globe her naval thunders roll
In deep-ton'd triumph, and confound the pole.
'Twas *commerce* rais'd her to this peerless height,
And rob'd her thus with glory, wealth and might.

But further yet—"Tis *commerce* opes the source
Of social feelings, friendly intercourse
'Twixt distant nations—spreads the genial light
Of heav'n-born science, and dispels the night
Of mental darkness—warms the savage breast
With vestal fires—lightens man oppress'd
With wants and woes, and thus divinely pours
Hygeian streams through all the rosy bow'rs

Of polish'd life, exulting to survey
The majesty of mind's resplendent day.

Shall then the land that gave to Freedom birth,
The fairest clime upon this globe of earth;
Columbia's soil, than which the rolling day
Greets not a richer—nor a happier sway
Beholds, throughout his heavenly course sublime,
'Midst all the thrones that crowd the map of time—
Shall *it* not cherish, with its fost'ring laws,
The plant of commerce, and the merchant's cause?
Forbid it *Reason*, and ye Pow'rs above!
Forbid it *Justice* and my *Country's Love!*
'Tis commerce gives to man the world's domain—
Commercial glory is a nation's gain.

For this the ocean, at divine command,
Its waters roll'd around the sphere of land;
O'er channels vast its waves stupendous spread,
And swelling, reach'd the limits of their bed.

A spacious realm, a liquid world, most free,
And bound alone by God's most firm decree;
Design'd for man of ev'ry tongue and clime,
The Nations' Rampart, and Highway sublime!
What foul usurper, then, dare thwart the plan
Of Righteous heav'n's benignity to man?
With impious hand an impious sceptre sway,
Of lawless pow'r and rapine o'er the sea?

Behold the mountains, tow'ring to the skies,
On whose broad summits waving forests rise;
See thousand hills, with richest verdure crown'd,
And winding vales, and meads, and plains around:
Of these composed, view mighty realms afar,
Stretch'd from th' equator to the faithful star
That lights the pole—nor less the hemisphere
Where dim Orion rules the wat'ry year—
Lo! *these* to man as kingdoms, empires given,
Proclaim the will of all-indulgent Heav'n.

But o'er the surface of the rolling deep
Let now thine eye, with keenest vision sweep;
Survey the whole—what bounds, what limits *there*
Mark *diff'rent* kingdoms, *private* realms declare?
Hath not the God that form'd the earth and sea
Proclaim'd the *latter*, in its nature, **FREE**?
Hath he not granted to the sons of earth
This free-born empire, common from its birth?
Not mark'd its limits, and ordain'd its laws—
The throne of nations, rear'd in Freedom's cause?
How then shall man, presumptuous, raise the rod
Of ocean thralldom, and oppose his God?
How, lawless, seize the empire of the sea,
And on it set his throne of **tyranny**?

Is't not enough to rule with despot hand
The lov'liest portions of the groaning land?
Is't not enough to scatter toil and wo
O'er native hills, and round their plains below?

Through *earth's* abodes Domitian curses fling,
And view man writhe beneath oppression's sting?
This not enough—but *ocean's* realms must be
A scene of slav'ry, wrath, and cruelty?
This not enough—but ev'ry wave must roll,
Burthen'd with wo, wrung from the suff'rer's soul?

“ O land of freedom” (thus the freeman's sighs
From that *press* ship ascending, pierce the skies,)
“ O land of Freedom, soil that gave me birth,
“ My father's country, and my mother's earth;
“ My kindred's home, the freeman's lov'd abode,
“ Th' oppressed's asylum—Sanctuary of God!
“ How from thy bosom am I torn away
“ By ruthless fiends, and doom'd a despot's prey!
“ Consign'd to slav'ry on the dreary deep,
“ To toil in anguish, and in silence weep!
“ No respite granted from the blood-stain'd lash
“ Of steel'd oppression—but the mournful crash

“ Of falling Freedom grates upon my ear,
“ As chains of bondage sons of Freedom wear.—
“ Ah me! that thought my swelling heart will rend,
“ A widow’d mother left—without a friend—
“ Without a friend!—No, He, the God of love,
“ Befriends the widow from his throne above:—
“ An orphan sister, too—her guard, her stay
“ Alone was I—and yet am torn away,
“ For ever torn—O God of justice, hear!
“ Protect the orphan—wipe the gushing tear—
“ The widow’s judge, the orphan’s stay thou art,
“ The pris’ner’s hope—thou bind’st the broken heart.”

And must it be that man’s *despotic sway*.
Shall rule the ocean, while whole realms obey?
Shall on the deep the oppressed’s anguish swell
The passing storm, and deeds of horror tell?
Shall man, a victim of insatiate pow’r,
'Neath tyrant man *there* spend affliction’s hour?

His hope and freedom on the mountain wave
Be wreck'd for ever, and no arm to save?—
No arm to save!—where sleeps th' ethereal fire
Of Freedom's genius—where her wrathful ire?
The soul unconquer'd, though by tyrants press'd
Down deep in wo's extreme, shall it *there* rest?
Shall man for ever, bending, bear the load
Of galling servitude—endure the goad
Of sharp oppression, nor once, rising, spread
Confusion's terrors round th' oppressor's head?—
No arm to save!—shall not the widow's sighs,
The orphan's tears, bid Freedom's sons arise;
Their bosoms swell with sympathies divine,
And fire their souls at Freedom's holy shrine?—
No arm to save!—shall Heav'n's avenging wrath
Ne'er wake to judgment, arm'd with bolts of death?
Shall He, the God of justice, thron'd on high
Above the heav'n of heav'ns, and star-built sky,
The Righteous Judge and sov'reign Lord of all—
Shall *He* not cause his scorching vengeance fall

On curs'd Oppression and her hellish train,
That o'er the deep extend their blasting reign?—
Yes, fiend accr's'd, soon shall the billows roll
Of judgment-wrath, and whelm thy hell-engender'd soul.

And now the sun, descending, stoops to lave
His broaden'd orb ⁽³⁾ amidst the western wave;
While, far diffus'd, his mellow beams display
The richest softness of the setting day;
Their ruby glories kiss the billows blue,
And ling'ring, tinge the deep with topaz hue.

How grand the prospect! boundless to behold!
From sky to sky one waving plain of gold
Is ocean's surface—all the flood of day
Seems roll'd across it—while beneath it play
In quick-turn'd gambols, splendid to be seen,
The sportive dolphins, rob'd in shining green.

"Tis not in earth's sequester'd bow'rs alone
That Contemplation rears her silent throne;
Her mantle folds around the human breast,
A pledge of holy joy and heav'nly rest;
Displays her sceptre's tranquillizing pow'r
To charm the soul, and bless the gliding hour.
"Tis not alone in vales where Nature blooms,
Whose shrubb'ries fling around their sweet perfumes;
Whose long, meand'ring courses tempt to stray
Far from the track of Life's tumultuous way;
Whose lonely shades, congenial, fall around,
While pensive Silence slumbers on the ground,
That Contemplation spreads her placid reign—
O no! I hail her empire on the main:
With lone delight obey her mandates there,
When calmness reigns o'er ocean and through air;
Rise at her call divine, when from afar,
Round all the tranquil deep, the vesper star
Sheds pure effulgence—view the wond'rous ways
Of Nature's God the rolling sea displays—

Spring on the wing, and soar 'mong worlds on high—
Thence mount to **HIM** inspher'd above th' ethereal sky.

What stately ship is yon that smoothly glides,
In lonely grandeur, o'er the silver'd tides?
She seems as freighted, from the realms above,
With heav'ly knowledge, and divinest love.
On balmy wings of happiest gales she's borne,
And moves, impatient, tow'rds the rosy morn;
While Angel Spirits, from the fields of light,
On buoyant pinions float, in lustre bright,
Upon the moon beams dancing o'er the deep,
And joyous, round her sacred vigils keep.

O 'tis a gallant barque, that, eager bears
The Heralds of the Cross, the Pioneers
Who bring Salvation to bewildered realms,
Which sin enthrals, and darkness overwhelms.

Hail Messenger of peace!—Auspicious blow,
Ye fav'ring gales—ye waves, unruffled flow.
Be hush'd, ye storms—ye thunder spirits rest—
Beam out, ye stars—be not one ray suppress'd
That gladdens earth and sea—ye heav'ns enlarge
Your copious blessings on the sacred barge.
For lo! she wafts to dying man the prize
Of life eternal from the highest skies;
A holy balm to sooth where sorrows grow,
Celestial peace to ev'ry child of wo;
Sweet mercy's crown, to pardon'd rebels giv'n,
And charter sure to all the joys of heav'n.

Not so when Philip from his popish throne,
In rage prepar'd that naval myrmidon,
Th' 'Invincible Armada,' form'd to pour
His hottest vengeance on the rebel shore
Of Albion's Isle, refusing papal sway,
While anxious kingdoms wait th' eventful day.

But justice frowns—the angry clouds prepare
Their magazines of vengeance and despair;
Old ocean heaves, indignant, from his bed,
And wak'ning thunders murmur o'er its head—
Till doom'd, at length, to meet the furious ire
Of hostile ships, and feel their conq'ring fire,
He flies dispers'd, unable to sustain
Their sinking thunder on the British main:—
While in his wrath, the Ruler of the skies
Bade desolation's raven wing arise;
Saw'd nature's treasures, ministers of death,
And roll'd upon the foe destruction's breath;
Hear'd storms and whirlwinds from his tempest hand,
And dash'd their fleet on Scotia's western strand.

Nor was it thus, in days of earlier time,
That o'er the flow'ry vales of Palestine,
Her soft, green fields and vine encircled hills,
Her sun-bright cliffs, and clear, meand'ring rills,

From Stygian caves and hell's profoundest gloom,
With foulest vengeance fir'd and mortal doom,
Black Superstition, rushing, spread afar
Her blasting flames of fierce croisadal war.
No! those were deeds of hellish phrenzy born,
Abhor'd by man—of righteous heaven the scorn.

But *other* principles, more bright, divine,
Now guide the nations in their course sublime;
Arouse the world, by *holy passions* mov'd,
By *truth* illum'd, by *charity* improv'd;
Inspire the breasts of all the sacred bands
That bear the *Cross* to death-enshrouded lands;
Impell the barques that waft them o'er the deep
To Indian realms,—or Iceland's dreary steep.

Pursuit angelic! glorious in the eyes
Of all the ranks that hold th' immortal skies.
Yea, from his throne, which uncreated light
And majesty august, veil from the sight

Of highest Seraph,—God, himself, doth shine
With eye of love, ineffably benign,
On enterprize so god-like—and makes known
To heav'n, earth, and hell, the work *his own.*

Lo! kingdoms rise, through sacred impulse giv'n,
And join in concert with approving heav'n;
Collect their efforts, and pursue the plan
That Love eternal form'd to rescue man.
No scenes of blood, ambition, or of gold
Distract their minds—conflicting views unfold;
No jarring systems, fram'd by *selfish* laws,
Convulse their action, paralyze their cause:
One *common* flame each ready bosom fires,
One glorious end each heart with zeal inspires.

O how unlike that cause of damning fame,
(The curse of Europe, and her lasting shame,)
That cause which spreads the clouds of deep-fraught wo
On Guinea's shore—where *Mercy's* sunbright bow,

With glad'ning beams, hath not yet arch'd the gloom
Surcharg'd with guilt—and Slav'ry's fearful doom.

That cause which, braving Heav'n's *reveal'd* command,
And *Nature's* sanction, scatters o'er the land
Of Afric's sable sons, with fiend-like air,
Dismay and horror, suff'ring and despair.

That cause which *steals* the negro from his home,
And drags him forth in chains to bleed and groan;
In floating dungeons rolls him o'er the wave,
No eye to pity, and no hand to save:
To life-long bondage, in a foreign land,
A fellow-mortal dooms, with sacrilegious hand.

How great the contrast *here*, the change, how blest!
Not chains and anguish—but celestial rest,
And peace divine the spreading sails convey
To sin-thral'd man across the billowy way.—
Man stands redeem'd—his chains of thraldom fall—
Sin shrieks—death flies—he hears the quick'ning call

Of life immortal, and his ransom'd soul
Leaps, bounding like the roe, while swelling, roll
The floods of gladness through his beating heart,
And freedom, faith, and hope, and joy impart.

*This Heav'n's cause.—It comes—the sky assumes
A brighten'd aspect, and the desert blooms;
The chasten'd air a holy fragrance breathes
O'er mountain, vale and flood—the songster weaves
Her dulcet strains of mingling joy and love,
And earth, rejoicing, rivals realms above.*

O when shall come that day of jubilee,
And pour its heav'nly light o'er realms of sea;
Dispel the shades of moral wo that sleep
With dead'ning influence on the groaning deep!
When shall arise Salvation's morning star,
And on the seaman's flood-path beam afar;
Illume his track o'er sin's Syrtean wave,
From guilt's dark gulph, and rocks of death him save;

Conduct him safe through life's tempestuous sea,
And point his course to heav'n's tranquillity!

Poor, wretched Mariner! and is it so
None careth for *thy* soul? Must thou forego
The hopes of pardon and redeeming love,
And all the bliss of endless life above?
Must thou remain involv'd amidst the gloom
Of sin and death—and none declare thy doom?
None tell to thee, e'en yielding up thy breath,
A Saviour died to rescue man from death?
To thee shall none *this* joyful news proclaim,
And preach salvation through Emanuel's Name?
That Name by which the hosts of heav'n were made,
And earth's foundations deep most firmly laid.—
Poor, wretched Mariner! when winds arise,
And storms of wrath surcharge th' incumbent skies;
When spirits of death ride on the tempest's wing,
And o'er thy struggling barque their mantles fling;

When tumb'ling billows, heav'd by nature's strife,
With rolling deluge threat the spark of life
That warms thy shiv'ring frame—*then*, fearful sound!
The language of the *damn'd* is pour'd around
In thund'ring torrents, deaf'ning e'en the roar
Of heav'n's artill'ry from the nitrous store
Of æther play'd—confounding e'en the rage
Of furious war that sky and ocean wage.
Then, when that God who fram'd the earth and heav'n,
Who to the deep its spacious bounds hath giv'n;
That God who says, 'Let storms, convulsive, rise,
And heave the ocean to the thund'ring skies;
That God who guides the tempest's wild career,
And reigns *supreme* in heaven, sea, and air;
That God who made thee, and supports thy breath—
When He *now* holds thee 'midst the waves of death
From swift destruction, *thou* his sacred Name
With cursings dire assail'st, and dost blaspheme!
Poor wretched Mariner!—but hark! I hear
The sound of *mercy* fall upon mine ear.⁽⁴⁾

It tells of deeds (most worthy to be told!)
That charts of life to mariners unfold;
Display the star whose rising glories shine,
With bright'ning splendor, on the course divine
That leads to rest eternal, and proclaim
Salvation's kingdom in a Saviour's Name.
It tells of deeds that angels view with joy—
Deeds, which the harps of sainted souls employ;
Of deeds that bind with deathless olive bright
The actors' temples—which relume the night
Of moral darkness and of death that reigns
In awful gloom o'er ocean's boundless plains.

The hour is come!—I see the shadows fly,
And Glory cleave the empyrean sky—
Her blaze, resplendent, spreads o'er ocean's wave
With dazzling pow'r, Omnipotent to save!—
Struck dead, I see fell Slav'ry overthrown!
I hear the last, the agonizing groan

Of black Despair!—while all the demon train
Of guilt and toil and wo forsake the main.—
Behold! the ocean rolls in heav'nly light,
And, joyous, smiles beneath the prospect bright.

The seaman's soul, enlighten'd, feels the pow'r
Of Truth Divine, and kneeling, hails the hour
Of heav'nly renovation—while his song
Of *hallelujahs*, mounting, wafts along,
Through fields of æther, to the Throne above,
His heart's devotion pure—a CHRISTIAN'S LOVE.

And thou, my Country, shalt a palm obtain,
A crown of glory, an immortal fame;
Shalt stand illustrious on the deathless page
That shews thy actions to a future age;
Pluck verdant laurel from the brow of Time,
And bind thy temples in this CAUSE DIVINE.

The winds are hush'd—presaging calmness reigns
Throughout the air, and o'er the liquid plains;
The smoothing surge, subsiding, melts away,
No fairy breaths across its bosom play.

'Tis silence dead—the fitful Spirits sleep—
And moonbeams softly kiss the pensive deep.—
The wan'ning stars a sickly lustre throw
Upon the silence big with future wo;

While the pale moon, as if to shun the sight
Of coming conflict, shrouds her hazy light.

A gray, compacted gloom plates all the sky—
No lightnings flash—but lurid meteors fly;
No thunders roll—but round the vault of heav'n,
On bick'ring wheels, tornado signs are driv'n.

The skilful seaman, with an anxious eye,
Surveys the tempest omens roll'd on high;
Beholds, with deprecation, rang'd afar,
The storm-clad ranks of elemental war.

Sudden a breeze comes rippling o'er the tide,
The loose sails flap—the vessel seems to ride—

Sudden it passes with a transient sweep,
And all, again, is stillness on the deep.—

The onset comes:—with rage resistless, pouring
From magazines of winds and tempests, roaring,
It furious rushes—heaves the mighty world
Of ocean waters, into mountains whirl'd;
The billows lashes into foaming wrath,
And, madd'ning, rolls in wild confusion's path;
Fierce, lawless Uproar, rev'ling, reigns on high,
Waves mount o'er waves, and thund'ring, storm the
sky.
The shock'd bark reels, through forceful impulse giv'n
On every hand, by floods and tempests driv'n;
Struggling she mounts, and quiv'ring, darts away
On storm's fleet wing across the boundless, raging sea.

Nor ends it thus—to tenfold fury wrought,
With whirling vengeance down mid æther brought,

Rolling immense, the shiv'ring hurricane
Pours wildest terror o'er the mountain main.
The scudding bark, unable to upbear
The surging billows and the whirlwind air,
Her swift course checks, and wheeling, meets the blast;
Rent is her sail, upturn, or snapt her mast;
She reels, she plunges,—o'er her, booming, roll
Ten thousand waters and ingulph her soul.
Or if more staunch, prepar'd to mount the wave,
Elude the billow and the tempest brave;
If, balanc'd trim, along the coaming verge
Of mounting swell she lies, and rides the surge—
O then, what grandeur in her tow'ring pride,
As swift she climbs the rolling mountain's side!
What terror seizes ev'ry heart with pangs,
As on the tempest whirr the quiv'ring hangs;
What horrors there, as down the fury sweep
Precipitous the plough'd banks the tempest—
As thus alternate, ~~in the face the sea~~
~~the morn in morn's—~~—the plough'd banks the tempest—

But should some treach'rous rocks, some shoals appear
Full in her course, some wayward strand be near;
Then weep, Compassion—heav'n-born Mercy, mourn
O'er all the wos by wretched seamen borne!
Swift on the latent death, with fury hurl'd,
The ship is dash'd—and to the wat'ry world
Commits her charge—with shrieks, and groans, and cries
The wave-lash'd mariners implore the skjes.
Toss'd on the boiling surge, and hopeless, driv'n
Midst wo and famine by the storms of heav'n;
No pitying Angel brings them kind relief,
Or cheers their spirits in the hour of grief;
No friend belov'd, no partner of the soul,
To feel and still the wos that round them roll:
But chill'd, exhausted, languishing away,
Night gives no rest—no hope the mournful day.

Or if drear rocks their shatter'd frames receive
All gash'd and breathless—no lov'd fingers weave

The fun'ral shroud—no burning lips impress
On clay-cold lips the last, the phrenzied kiss;
No heart bewails—no bosom, heaving sighs,
With anguish swells—no full, no streaming eyes
Their sorrows pour.—The sea-weed wraps their head—
Winds howl, with doleful chaunt, the requiem of the
dead.

Such was the fate, O Pierce, thy barque that bore
With dismal sweep on Purbeck's rocky shore! (6)
Such was the fate that whelm'd in endless sleep,
Thy children dear 'mid Seacombe's wrathful deep!

When thy rack'd soul, convuls'd with agony,
Survey'd around their dreary destiny;
O then, what pangs caus'd life's close fibres part,
As to a Father's throbbing, bursting heart
Thou caught'st thy shrieking daughters!—while the
flame
Of Parent's love rush'd through thy trembling frame—

More fervid burn'd, collecting all its pow'r,
As darker, colder grew death's dismal hour.

Fierce howls the tempest—awful darkness spreads
Her glooms horrific round the suff'rers heads.
High surge the billows on the rock-built shore,
And backward roll with hollow, death-knell roar.
The bulged barque lies groaning 'neath the storm,
Fast, by the breaking waves, in fragments torn.
No ray of hope, nor life once streaks the gloom
'That hovers, deep'ning, charg'd with final doom.—
“ O Meriton! my daughters canst thou save?”
The anguish'd Father cries—the surging wave
Forbids assent—in speechless agony
He lifts his cold, clasp'd hands to—God on high:—
“ My dear, lov'd children”—rolling billows sweep,
And whelm them, shrieking, 'midst the stormy deep.
Deep—deep they sink in death's eternal gloom,
And, wrapp'd in silence, sleep—clos'd in their ocean
tomb.

And beats the heart, that weeps not tears of blood
O'er brother man, thus wreck'd upon the flood?
Lives there a soul, whose sympathies ne'er rise,
Wrung by the storm-lash'd seaman's agonies?
Whose breast ne'er feels compassion's swelling glow,
For suff'ring mariner 'midst waves of wo?
If *such* there is—Oh no! it cannot be—
May *such* ne'er feel the horrors of the sea.

Arise, Columbia, o'er the boundless scene
Thy vision roll, with temper'd eye serene;
Behold thy glories bursting from afar,
Thy beam of Commerce, and thy Naval Star!

Far as the billows, on whose surface play,
In gilding pomp, the morning's newborn ray—
Far as the wave beneath the western sky,
On whose flush'd cheek the setting sunbeams die—
Far as the northern floods tempestuous roll,
And stormy oceans heave the southern pole,

Thy high-spread canvass, swelling in the wind,
To distant realms unfolds thy growing mind;
Displays thy rising commerce, wealth and might,
The world's astonish'd at thy Eagle flight.

No more shall Europe queen of commerce reign,
In haughty triumph on the subject main;
No more, in terror, o'er the trembling wave,
Her navies pour, and freeborn souls enslave.
Rich are thy merchants—active to convey
Thy various commerce o'er each rolling sea.
Skill'd are thy seamen—genuine sons of Mars,
Expert and bold to urge thy billowy wars.
Brave are their Leaders, souls of mounting flame,
Who raise thy glory and extend thy name;
Of honour pure—unmov'd 'midst battle's storm—
Human in conquest, and to vict'ry born.

Thy rising Empire shall its splendors throw
To ev'ry clime where ocean's billows flow;

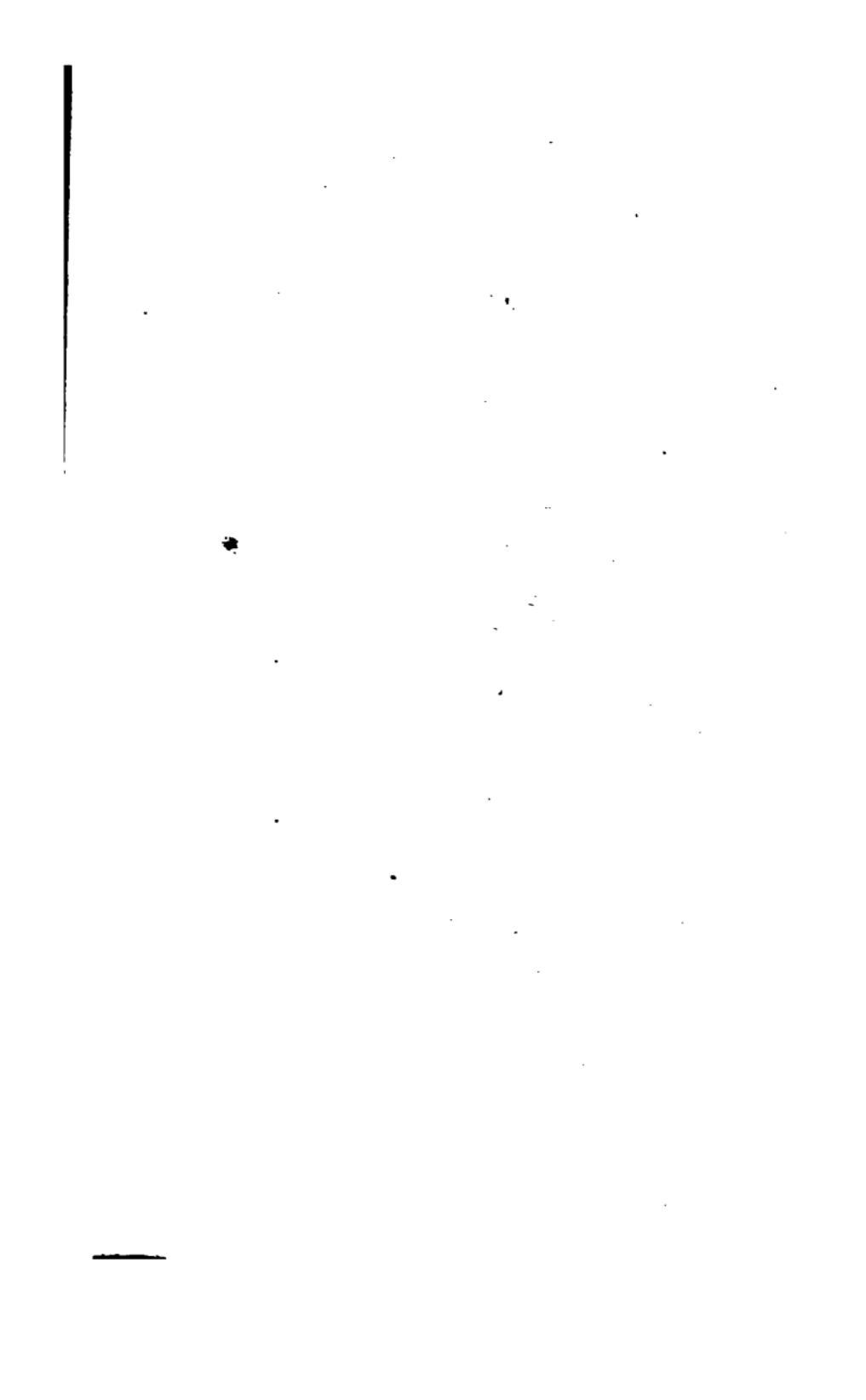
Rouse slumb'ring nations by its plastic rays,
And pour creative light on all their ways.
Thy naval Arm avenging thunders wield,
Repel th' aggressor—and the helpless shield;
Assert the bleeding rights of seamen torn
From friends and country, though in freedom born;
Teach tyrants law, from thrones despotic hurl'd,
And give salvation to a captive world.⁶⁾

F I N I S.



MISCELLANEA.

I



MISCELLANEA.

TO

MISS E—— W——,

(Now MRS. S——, of BOSTON,)

*On presenting the Author with a copy of Campbell's
'Pleasures of Hope,' as a New-Years Gift.*

WHEN storm-clad winter's dreary reign,
O'er mountain, valley, hill and plain,
Extends its ample sway,
Enshrouding with its dead'ning gloom
Fair Nature's charms—alas! too soon
From mortals snatch'd away:

1.

What *then* the vital stream supplies
That bids our joys, our raptures rise,
And in bright currents flow?

489511

**“Tis Hope, the charmer!—she who lives
Immortal, and to Nature gives
A smile in weeds of wo.**

2.

**“Tis Hope, the charmer!—she who pours
Her living light on wintry hours
Of darkness and of death;
Unlocks the flow’ry stores of spring,
And bids them all their fragrance fling
Around our verdant path.**

S.

**“Tis Hope, the charmer!—she who spreads
Bright Leo’s splendor round our heads,
And Virgo’s rip’ning ray;
Who Autumn’s purple zone displays,
Her russet robes, coronal bays,
And tunes her festal lay.**

4.

Hope casts her sunbright prospects round,
Enliv'ning all the bleak profound
Of Winter's cheerless gloom.

Hope, smiling, crowns the warbling Spring,
And Summer's broad, refulgent wing,
And Autumn's golden plume.

5.

'Tis *here*, Eliza fair, we find
A balm to heal the anguish'd mind,
And sooth the throbbing breast;
Here joys, renascent, springing bloom,
And shed their rich, their soft perfume
To make our sorrows blest.

6.

Dark is the night of sleepless wo,
And darker still the dreary flow
Of ceaseless, secret pain—

But Hope, Eliza, gilds the *morn*,
And on the *stream* of love forlorn
Pours light and life again.

7.

Keen are the pangs that rend the heart,
When death's unerring, ruthless dart
Hath pierc'd a soul most dear—
Yet Hope's effulgence breaks the gloom,
And rests resplendent on the *tomb*
While Death reigns victor here.

8.

Throughout this devious vale of life,
A vale of sorrow, joy and strife,
Eliza, still we see
The blending-beams of Hope divine
O'er all the varied prospect shine
In sweetest harmony.

9.

So beam'd her light upon the soul
Of *this*, her bard, whose numbers roll
With all the power of song;
Whose pure, sublime, pathetic strain
Can wake to life and joy again,
As with an Angel's tongue.

10.

Hope strings his harp—and mounting high,
His eagle genius cleaves the sky
On golden pinions bright:—
Hope tunes his soul—and sweetest strains
Fill all the balmy, azure plains
With rapturous delight.

11.

Still may the seasons' circling flow,
Eliza, find no sting of wo
Implanted in thy breast;

But may each year, on sunbright wing,
Enjoyment, peace, contentment bring,
And make thy moments blest.

12.

Thus may the youthful, joyous beam
Of Hope, Eliza, gild thy dream
Of life—a transient breath!
And when that dream shall pass away,
May Hope direct to realms of day
Thy Spirit, freed by death.

January, 1815.

THE FLOWER OF THE WEST.

O LOVELY is Spring with its blooms and its roses,
Whose rich, floating fragrance perfumes the soft sky;
And sweet is the note, as the meadow lark closes
The music of day with its love warbling sigh:
But lovelier far than the fresh, vernal glory
In which the fair year is enchantingly drest—
And fairer and sweeter, though not fam'd in story,
Is charming Amanda, the Flower of the West.

"Tis not in the bright shining circles of splendor,
Amidst the gay city, its pomp and parade,
That virtue divine, wed with grace the most tender—
That merit and beauty alone are displayed:
Oh no! for my soul, thrill'd with sweetest emotion,
Enraptur'd, hath seen one in whom *these all* rest;
Far distant she blooms from the wave rolling ocean—
"Tis charming Amanda, the Flower of the West.

Let Fortune her smiles of deceitfulness lavish
On the slaves who adore her, and cringe at her throne;
My soul independent—not haughty—not slavish—
Rejoices in that which it *feels* is its *own*.
But oh! if the sunbeams of love, brightly lying
Upon that fair bosom, would glad this lone breast;
My heart should be happy—or living, or dying,
With lovely Amanda, the Flower of the West.

LA VISION PAR LAS SIMILITUDES.

Hast thou seen, with pleasing wonder,
Magnets cling, by kindred art—
Still *retract*, when drawn asunder?
Thou hast seen two lovers part.

Hast thou seen the vine of gladness
From the Elm, as from its heart,

Torn in mournful, bleeding sadness?

Thou hast seen two lovers part.

Hast thou seen the dying taper,

Loth to let its ray depart,

***Fitful* gleam—till lost in vapour?**

Thou hast seen two lovers part.

Hast thou seen the tear of anguish

From the eye of mis'ry start—

Seen it linger—seen it languish?

Thou hast seen two lovers part.

Hast thou seen th' alarmed spirit

Trembling 'neath death's sev'ring dart—

Clinging—pleading *still* to inherit?

Thou hast seen two lovers part.

THE SIGH.

THAT breast of snow should quiet rest,
Nor trouble once come nigh;
Those ruby lips with smiles be blest—
Then, Anna, why that sigh?

Those eyes cerulean, thrones of love,
That brilliant stars outvie,
Suffused with tears should never prove—
Then, Anna, why that sigh?

On thy soft cheek the mantling rose
Should not thus, drooping, die,
As grief its chill blast o'er it blows—
Then, Anna, why that sigh?

Do man's oppression and his woes,
That loud for vengeance cry,
Disturb thy gentle soul's repose,
And prompt, sweet girl, that sigh?

Doth base ingratitude—doth scorn
To wound thy feelings try;
Or malice dire, of Envy born;
And force, sweet girl, that sigh?

Do absent forms, to mem'ry dear,
Warm on thy fancy lie;
And spring that trembling, pearly tear,
And heave that tender sigh?

Or doth the quiv'ring shaft of love
Deep in thy bosom pry—
Does some lov'd swain unfaithful prove,
And draw, sweet girl, that sigh?—

Each cause is just:—yet, Anna, fair,
Weep not, but quickly dry
Those streaming eyes—and banish care,
The source of every sigh.

This world's a changing scene, where ills
With ills successive vie;
And that same cup which fortune fills
She dashes with a sigh.

The life of man few pleasures gives—
Abundant woes supplies;
And every day on earth he lives,
He lives for tears and sighs.—

But O! there is a life of joy,
A world beyond the skies,
Where pleasures flow—without alloy,
Unknown to tears and sighs.

ELEGIAC.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF

MISS MARIA M. MEEKER,

Who, in the bloom of her terrestrial existence, exchanged, on the 21st July, 1818, this mortal for an immortal state.

- ‘Gone!—Yes, ’tis gone—the soul, released from wo,
- ‘Hath left its clay built prison and its chains below.—
- ‘Maria!—Hear’st thou not?—thy Mother calls—
- ‘Speak, that her flutt’ring heart—O but it falls,
- ‘This weight of sorrow, with a crushing power
- ‘Upon my poor, bereaved soul!—this hour,
- ‘Surcharged with anguish—Oh mysterious Heaven!
- ‘I sink in silence—thou, ’tis thou hast *given*.’

Yes! 'tis gone—her spirit's fled—
Maria's number'd with the dead.
The eye is glaz'd—the cheek is cold—
The lip is pale—'tis beauty's mould
Alone remains—a form most fair
That shews some Seraph linger'd there.—
Yes! 'tis flown—that Seraph bright
Hath wing'd its way to realms of light—
To fields of rest and peace on high,
Where, far above the star-built sky
Enshered in glory, it doth shine,
Secure in bliss and Love Divine.—

“ Ah! 'tis gone—my wilder'd gaze
Pursues its flight—but O! yon blaze
Of light celestial rolls around
Such dazzling waves!—My vision's drown'd!—
Gone!—And yet methinks 'tis here!
That Spirit—O! it was too dear,

‘ Too much belov’d, too good, too pure
‘ To leave me, wretched! to endure
‘ Such loss supreme—such stunning pain
‘ As, throbbing, racks my burning brain—
‘ My spirits dries—my swelling heart
‘ Asunder bursts—and *must* we part?
‘ *Thou* to the silent, darksome grave—
‘ It *cannot, must not*—Ah! I rave—
‘ Indulgent Heaven! forgive—my wo
‘ Is big with anguish.’

Yes! ‘tis gone—her Spirit’s fled—
Her name’s enroll’d among the dead.—
Why shines the sun with joyful, cheering light?
Why wears he not, with *me*, the shades of night?
Why do not nature’s blooming robes appear
The doleful weeds of wo? The joyous year,
Why is it not ~~oppress~~’d with deepest gloom
To mourn, with *me*, the sway despotic of the tomb?

Why bends not every flower its beauteous head,
And drooping, weep, with me, Maria dead?
Why breathe the balmy zephyrs, and not sigh
With sympathetic sorrow? And, O why
Do not the genial glooms of Autumn reign
In sad, funereal silence round each mortal frame?—

And, *ruthless archer!* could'st thou not thy dart
Have rather plung'd into some *vulgar* heart?
Could'st not have chosen some *ignoble* mind
To wreak thy vengeance on? Could'st thou not find,
Among the various grades of mortal birth,
Some *worthless, noxious* shoot to strike from earth?
Hast thou *no* pity in thy tyger soul?
O'er thy dark breast has mercy *no* control?
Canst thou not feel *one* sympathetic throe
For dying man, ingulph'd midst waves of woe?
O Death! *cannot* thy flinty heart relent,
At sight of human anguish—though 'tis sent

In righteous retribution? If not *so*,
Why didst thou wound us thus—and cause our tears
to flow?

Why didst thou pierce that fair, angelic Maid
With fate-winged shaft—and thus, didst sore invade
Our peace and happiness? Dost thou not know
Thou scarce hast left her like to bless frail man below?

And ye, Physicians of the mortal part!
O could ye not, by your relieving art,
Assuage her sorrows, and her life redeem
From fierce Disease's cruel rage?—Or *seem*
Ye only to possess the vital power
That curbs his wrath, and rescues, in the hour
Of wasting suff'ring, from his vengeful grasp
Poor children of the dust? And *does* that gasp,
That *mortal* gasp of dying man, proclaim
Your skill *collusion*, and a *cheat*, your Name?
But no! it is *not* thus—I own your worth,
Assiduous soothers of the pains of earth!

Whate'er they can, your healing powers perform—
(And they can much accomplish—) but the storm
Of death prevails, dark rolling to the grave
All human forms—from it, ye cannot save.

Yes! fair she was—the fairest form!
Where clust'ring graces, soft and warm,
In blending beauty bloom'd;
Where sweetest symmetry prevailed
That e'er Death's marring shaft assailed—
That ever was entomb'd.

But O her mind!—How far excell'd
As native beauties!—Who beheld
A soul in female clay
That shone more lovely, charming all
Attracted souls, on which might fall
Its gladd'ning beams of day?

Has *cultured* intellect a charm?
Does simple, heaven-born truth disarm,
 And triumph o'er disguise?
That charm was her's—she wore it fair—
And truth, that reigned victorious *there*,
 Has now resumed its skies.

Does *polish'd* taste, as jewels bright,
Adorning, spread its brilliant light
 Around its diamond throne?
She bask'd amidst *those* lustrous rays
That true, refined taste displays—
 Round all her mind they shone.

Do *purest, finest* feelings reign?
Our captivated hearts enchain,
 And guide us at their will?
That conq'ring power, by her possest,
Made all her willing captives blest—
 They lov'd their bondage still.

Does charity, celestial grace!
With angels bright its subjects place
That succour wretched man?
Among these bands she shining stood,
With blessings of the poor indued—
She blest the god-like plan.

Does grace-born virtue awful shine,
And cast its glorious robe divine
Around a child of dust?
That robe august she joyful wore—
And when the last—last pang was o'er,
She mingled with the just.

But late she dwelt in brittle clay,
The fev'rish being of a day,
A child of sin and pain—
Dissolved is that clay abode,
And pain and sin, that direful load!
Shall ne'er her press again.

Throughout the rolling worlds of light
(How vast the change!) her mystic flight

On wings of thought is borne—

There raptures hail her bright career,
As gliding on from sphere to sphere,

Nought tells her that *we* mourn.

5

O from thy Empyrean height
Look down, thou sainted Spirit of light;
Upon this vale of tears!—
Survey us, way-worn pilgrims, prest
By sorrows, and by woes distrest
That waste our wretched years.

Behold thy anguish'd Mother sigh—
Attend the plaintive, piercing cry
That speaks thy Sister's wo;
And though *thou* canst not sooth our grief,
Nor grant our lab'ring breasts relief—
Thou canst a tear bestow.

That tear we ask—'tis all we crave—
And thus, until the peaceful grave
Receive our frames to rest,
We'll mourn thy loss—but then, set free
From earth and wo, we'll range with **THEE**
Through worlds where all is *blest*.

THE STAR OF NIGHT.

I **LOVE** thy beam, thou lonely star,
Thy golden beam, dispensing far
Its heavenly radiance, bright and calm,
To cheer the lonely soul of man.

Sweet star of night! when stillness reigns,
And silence slumbers on the plains;
When down the mountain's gloom-rob'd steep,
O'er rock-built cliffs, the cascades leap

With solemn roar which, borne along
On floating pinions, wakes the song
Of list'ning hills and valleys round,
And charms the sense of night profound—
I love to drink, with ravish'd ear,
The music of this gliding sphere;
To mark the spirits of the pole,
And count the planets as they roll.
I love on Fancy's wing to soar
And distant bounds of earth explore;
Observe its tow'ring mountains rise
And boldly pierce the bending skies;
Its rivers, down those mountains roll'd,
Their proud, meand'ring streams unfold;
Its blooming groves and verdant plains,
And laughing vales where pleasure reigns;
Its dreary forests, dark and wild,
Where lonely wanders Nature's child,
And bears alike, with gloomy soul,
The raven's scream and thunder's roll.

I love to mount on wing of fire
Through Nature's works to Nature's Sire;
Survey the orbs that wheel on high
Throughout the vast expanse of sky;
Pursue their circling tracks afar;
From sun to sun, from star to star
Extend my flight—their various laws
Attempt to scan—unfold the cause
That reigns throughout th' amazing whole,
With pow'r to move, direct, control,
Sustain, preserve—or, thought sublime!
Destroy Creation's frame—and time.

I love the ways of life to trace,
And mark the windings of that race
Call'd man—a being foul and fair!
A strange compound!—A mariner,
On life's precarious billows tost—
Now thinks he's safe—now feels he's lost.

And yet, his various acts to view—
His dark, mysterious track pursue
Of thought and motive—to unfold
The principles most base that hold
His treach'rous heart—(detested cage
Of spleen, hypocrisy and rage!)
Is sad, disgusting!—turning all
The cup of social bliss to gall.

But still, I love his changeful path,
Here, mark'd with good—*there*, trac'd in wrath:
A shifting scene of cloud and sun;
Nor ends the shade 'till light's begun:
A tract of fruitful soil, where grows
The deadly nightshade—blooms the rose;
A boundless forest's gloomy sphere
Where tygers lurk, and bounds the deer;
Where bears, hyænas, vultures rove,
Where walks the lamb, and flies the dove.

The soft'ning tints of varied hue,
(Commingling shades of red and blue,) That life's horizon rich adorn,
Delight my soul like rising morn.
I love to muse on Virtue's power,
To mark her conquests in the hour
Of sharp confliction, and survey
Her radiant crown, her blooming bay.
The mounting flame of genius bright,
That towers to heaven's aethereal height
In splendid grandeur, and appears
A pyramid of endless years—
A column vast, whose glories shine
And burn with lustre half divine,
I love to view, admire, adore,
As thus on fancy's wing I soar
Beneath thy lovely ray, O Star!
That, lonely, beams effulgence far.
I love thy name, pure Friendship! dear
To gen'rous souls that drop the tear

O'er suff'ring mortals, and bestow
A *healing* balm on sons of wo.
And oh! when peace and silence reign,
And falling night-dews steep the plain
In cooling moisture—when the hour
Of balmy stilness wakes the power
Of lonely musing—*then* I rove,
Enraptured, through the myrtle grove
Of witching Love—frequent ~~high~~ flowers
Of fragrant joy, and cull the flowers
That, ever blooming, spring around
O'er all the mossy, velvet ground.
And while, enchanted, thus I stray
Along the roseate, devious way;
The woodbine arcade saunter through,
Where blowing arbutes sip the dew,
And lovely jess'mines odors fling
Upon the air—I, sighing, sing
In plaintive numbers, soft and slow.
The burden of my secret wo.

I love thy beam, thou lonely Star!
Thy golden beam, dispensing far
Its heavenly radiance, bright and calm,
To cheer the lonely soul of man.

NOTES

TO THE

M A R I N E R.

||

||

||

NOTES

to

CANTO FIRST.

Note 1.

The poem was commenced, and part of it written, in the summer of 1815, shortly after the account of the battle of Waterloo reached the United States.

Note 2.

*While princes league at wild ambition's call,
And legions sink—imperial despots fall.*

Alluding to the allied armies, and the overthrow of Buonaparte.

Note 3.

While conq'ring heroes.

Wellington and Blucher.

Note 4.

*Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci*

M

Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti.
Hor. Lib. I. Ode 3.

Note 5.

What is said in the preceding lines respecting the appearance and properties of the American ships, their architecture, and the skill and taste of their architects, is not a mere *national bravado*, or *poetical vapouring*. It is sober, stubborn and *honourable fact*. The science of naval architecture, as it now exists in the United States of America, in both a theoretical and practical point of view, will bear a comparison, to say the least, with the same science as now exhibited in any kingdom of Europe. I said *to say the least*—because, it will not only stand a *comparison* with, but is, in fact, *superior to that* of almost, if not altogether every European nation. This is especially true with regard to the *practical* exhibition of the science. But from this circumstance, I am not to be understood as asserting, or even imagining, that in most of the other arts and sciences, (with the exception of painting, and perhaps a few others,) America equals Europe. We know she does not. It would be *unreasonable* to expect that she should, and *arrogance* to presume that she does. This, however, is no derogation from either her scientific or practical character. She is rising to *such* a height of celebrity, in *every department*, with an acceleration *sufficiently* great.

Note 6.

*Thus in the days ere Ilium's lofty towers,
To vengeance doom'd, appeas'd celestial powers.*

The unrelenting vengeance with which Juno, and her coadjutor Minerva, pursued the destiny of Troy; and the fact, as Homer tells us, of that destiny's being recorded in the annals of imperious Fate, explain the allusion in this place.

Note 7.

*Those daring Greeks, the Argonautic band,
Their Argo fram'd and launch'd her from the strand
Of fam'd Iolcus, destin'd to explore
The Euxine billows and the Colchian shore.*

A minute's reflection upon the history of the Argonautic expedition, will shew the aptitude of that event, (whether it be considered as fabulous or not,) for illustrating the principle to which an allusion is here made.

Note 8.

*'Twas not from him, whom fabled legends sing
The monarch of the waves, thou first did'st spring.*

Neptune.

“ Ancient poets refer the invention of the art of navigation, some of them to Neptune, some to Bacchus, some to Hercules, some to Jason, and others to Janus, who is said to have made the first ship. Historians as-

cribe it to the *Æginetes*, the Phœnicians, Tyrians, and the ancient inhabitants of Britain. Some will have it, the first hint was taken from the flight of the kite; others from the fish called *nautilus*; others ascribe it to accident.

“Scripture refers the origin of so useful an invention to God himself, who gave the first specimen thereof in the ark built by Noah. And the raillery which the good man underwent on account of his enterprize, evinces that the world was then ignorant of any thing like navigation.”

Note 9.

*And unveils the throne
Of pow'r august, though slumb'ring and alone.*

The fact of various extensive and powerful kingdoms, or empires, having been discovered by means of navigation, among many of the remote and barbarous nations of the earth; and of the most of these being in a state of supineness, or dormancy, from the want of sufficient objects of exertion, when thus discovered, explains the idea here exhibited. Take, for example, the empires of Mexico and Peru, when they were discovered by the Spaniards.

Note 10.

First Yamen's sons.

Yamen, or *Yemen*, the proper name of Arabia, in the language of that peninsula.

Note 11.

*Round Afric's shore their spreading purple waves,
And all the storms of Congo's coast it braves.*

The Phœnicians of Tyre and Sidon are generally supposed to have been the first who circumnavigated the continent of Africa. They fitted out their vessels in some of the ports of the Red Sea, and thence coasting Africa, they returned home through the Straits of Gades (Gibraltar) by the way of the Mediterranean. So great, we are told, was their commercial wealth and glory, that they used purple sails.

“The genius of the Phœnicians, as well as the object of their policy, and the spirit of their laws, was entirely commercial. They were a people of merchants who aimed at the empire of the sea, and actually possessed it.”

Note 12.

Spurn'd the narrow ground.

Ancient Phœnicia is a slip of land bordering on the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean, and included in what is now properly called Syria. A spirit of enterprise and colonization early characterized this small, but commercial kingdom, one of the most important results of which was the planting of Carthage.

Note 13.

Where Africa's sea-skirted regions spread.

Africa was originally the proper name of that part of
M 2

the continent were the empire of Carthage rose and flourished, and which is known in modern geography by the name of the Barbary States. From this primitive application of the term, the whole continent has since become designated.

Note 14.

The genuine offspring feels the parent's soul.

“The Phœnicians transmitted their commercial spirit with facility, and in full vigour, to their descendants the Carthaginians. The commonwealth of Carthage applied to trade and naval affairs, with no less ardor, ingenuity, and success, than its parent state. Carthage early rivalled, and soon surpassed Tyre, in opulence and power.”

Note 15.

*Or when some Eagle, from her aërie high,
Her tim'rous young quick plunges down the sky.*

The eagle builds her nest, or aërie, in the clefts of high, wild and barren rocks upon the summits of mountains. The young ones are at first very timid and loth to spread their untried wings for flight. The old eagle, when she thinks any one of the young capable of providing for itself, and soaring aërial heights, pitches it out of the nest; and whilst it flutters in terror upon the bosom of the atmosphere, she glides around it with gentle sweep for a short time, and then mounts into the upper regions of air—thus alluring it to follow.

Note 16.

And Israel's monarch felt the potent spell.

Solomon. We are informed in the 9th chapter of 2 Chronicles, that Solomon made silver in Jerusalem, as plenty as the stones of the street, so that it was nothing accounted of; and that from Ophir and Tarshish his vessels brought gold, silver, and all kinds of spices in great abundance.

“Solomon fitted out fleets, which, under the direction of Phœnician pilots, sailed from the Red Sea to Tarshish and Ophir. These, it is probable, were ports in India and Africa, which their conductors were accustomed to frequent, and from them the Jewish ships returned with such valuable cargoes, as suddenly diffused wealth and splendor throughout the kingdom of Israel.”

Note 17.

Gives to the world her throne-subverting king.

Alexander.

Note 18.

*The spacious walls of Delta's western tide,
Where Grecian fleets, in Indian traffic ride.*

The city Alexandria in Egypt.

“As soon as he (Alexander) had accomplished the destruction of Tyre, and reduced Egypt to subjection, he formed the plan of rendering the empire, which he purposed to establish, the centre of commerce as

well as the seat of dominion. With this view he founded a great city, which he honoured with his own name, near one of the mouths of the river Nile, that by the Mediterranean sea, and the neighbourhood of the Arabian gulph, it might command the trade both of the East and West. This situation was chosen with such discernment, that Alexandria soon became the chief commercial city in the world. And thus, during the subsistence of the Gre- cian Empire in Egypt and the East, even from the time of the Ptolemies to the discovery of the navigation by the Cape of Good Hope, commerce, particularly that of the East Indies, continued to flow in the channel which the sagacity and foresight of Alexander had marked out for it."

Note 19.

*Nor does she wield it to extend the reign
Of navigation o'er the spacious main.*

"It was the necessity of opposing a formidable rival, not the desire of extending trade, which first prompted the Romans to aim at maritime power. In the history of the Roman republic, hardly one event occurs, that marks attention to navigation any farther than as it was instrumental towards conquest."

Note 20.

*A sordid pride, a false imagin'd worth
Disdain'd such action—bound her to the earth.*

"When Roman valour and discipline had subdued all the maritime states known in the ancient world;

when Carthage, Greece and Egypt, had submitted to their power, the Romans did not imbibe the commercial spirit of the conquered nations. Among that people of soldiers, to have applied to trade would have been deemed a degradation of a Roman citizen. They abandoned the mechanical arts, commerce and navigation, to slaves, freedmen, provincials, and to citizens of the lowest class."

Note 21.

*Then arts and science, knowledge, order fell,
To ruin swept before its boundless swell.*

"The fall of Rome, and its empire, drew along with it not only that of learning and the polite arts, but that of navigation; the barbarians, into whose hands it fell, contented themselves with the spoils of the industry of their predecessors."

Note 22.

And Salamis display'd its trophy'd car.

In the memorable battle between the Persian and Grecian fleets, in the straits of Salamis, that of the former consisted of upwards of two thousand sail, while that of the latter furnished only three hundred and eighty. The Grecians, led on by the immortal Themistocles, broke the Persian line of battle, threw the whole fleet into derangement and dismay, put them to flight and effected a complete discomfiture. "In this engagement the Grecians lost forty ships; and the Persians

two hundred, besides a great many more that were taken, with all the men and ammunition they carried."

Note 23.

There Iran's millions saw its conq'ring pow'r.

Irân is the proper name of Persia in its own tongue. It designates all that tract of country which lies between *Arabia*, *India*, and *Tartary*, and which formerly constituted the vast Medo-Persian empire. *Persia*, the name by which it is known to Europeans, is properly, according to Sir William Jones, the name of but *one* of the provinces of the great Irân empire.

At the battle of Salamis, the Persian army which was on board the fleet, and in its vicinity upon the land, amounted to at least *two millions* of fighting men. Leonidas, with his three hundred Spartans, and the handful of Greeks who joined them, fought *two millions* at the straits of Thermopylæ, as is testified by the inscriptions on the monuments of those who fell in that glorious—that unparalleled conflict.

Note 24.

Mycale's heights reflect the victor light.

After the battle of Salamis, what remained of the Persian fleet fled to Asia, and retired to Mycale, a promontory on the continent, where the remainder of the army which Xerxes had brought out of Greece lay, *and there drew up their ships upon the land, and forti-*

fied them with a strong rampart. But the Lacedæmonians under Leotychides, and the Athenians under Xantippus, having concentrated the Grecian fleet at Ægina, pursued them thither, vanquished their army on land, stormed their rampart and burnt their ships. And thus were terminated all the stupendous designs of Xerxes against the republics of Greece; for on the same day was fought the decisive battle of Platea, in which Pausanias and Aristides, with the Grecian forces upon land, cut to pieces Mardonius and his Persian army of five hundred thousand men, whom Xerxes had left behind him in Attica, when he retreated after his defeat at Salamis.

Note 25.

Lo! Egypt's queen, that daring Amazon.

Cleopatra.

Note 26.

And Venice rises 'midst the billowy deep.

“ The people of Italy, and particularly those of Venice and Genoa, have the glory of restoring navigation and commerce. In the bottom of the Adriatic were a great number of little islands, seventy-two, which were the residence of some poor fishermen. Thither the Veneti, a people inhabiting that part of Italy along the gulf, retired, when Alaric, king of the Goths, and afterwards Attila, king of the Huns, ravaged Italy. Hence

was laid the foundation of the future grandeur of the state of Venice."

Note 27.

And show'd a man admiring worlds rever'd.

Columbus, who was a native of Genoa, and who received there his education and predilection for a maritime life.

Note 28.

*Genoa, Venice, Pisa, stretch afar
O'er orient seas, and launch the Holy war.*

"The martial spirit of the Europeans, heightened and inflamed by religious zeal, prompted them to attempt the deliverance of the Holy Land from the dominion of infidels. Vast armies, composed of all the nations in Europe, marched towards Asia, on this wild enterprize. The Genoese, the Pisans and Venetians, furnished the transports which carried them thither; and also supplied them with provisions and military stores."

Note 29.

*Gioia lifts his scientific soul
And points the needle to its kindred pole.*

"Flavio Gioia, a citizen of Amalfi, a town of considerable trade in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1302, discovered the polarity of the needle and invented the mariner's compass."

Note 30.

*Marked how the deep with curving surface run,
And India viewed beneath the setting sun.*

Columbus may be said to have been the first who, by combining his practical knowledge of navigation with his theoretical knowledge of astronomy, geometry and geography, deduced thence a pretty correct notion of cosmography, and very rationally concluded that, as the earth was a sphere, the ocean must necessarily partake of the same form; and consequently, by sailing due west he would finally arrive in the east.

Note 31.

*In moral grandeur tower'd above the slave
That wore the crown his virtue never gave.*

It is well known that, according to history, Ferdinand, to whom Columbus submitted his noble plan, for patronage, was weak, pusillanimous and parsimonious; and that, had it not been for the superior magnanimity, liberality, and more exalted and dignified views of his queen, Isabella, Columbus would have inevitably failed in his solicitations for countenance to his naval enterprise at the court of Spain. But notwithstanding all the opposition, and embarrassment, and mortification to which he was subjected from ignorance and envy, and contempt, through eight years of disheartening application, he ultimately succeeded, and that through the me-

dium of Isabella, who even offered to pledge her own jewels in order to defray the expenses.

Note 32.

*Exulting views the genii of the deep,
Involved 'midst storms, around De Cabo sweep.*

Diaz, a Portuguese, was the first who succeeded in coasting along the western side of Africa, until he reached its southern extremity. None who preceded him in that long and dangerous enterprise had ever got as far as the equator. But he crossed it, and got in sight of the Southern Cape. The storms and tempests, however, on that part of the coast, were so tremendous that he was unable to double the Cape. Hence he called it De Cabo tormentoso, or the Stormy Cape. But king John his master, upon his return, hoping that the long sought for passage to the East Indies was at length discovered, gave it the name which it still retains.

Note 33.

*Whose swelling streams Bejemder's heights control,
'Till down Alata's cataract they roll.*

The long sought for source of the Nile has been found, according to Mr. Bruce, to be a very small spring in the middle of a marsh, near the bottom of the mountain of Geesh, in Abyssinia.

On the Nile there are eight cataracts, or falls, one of

which is two hundred and eighty feet high. "Not far from its source the Nile crosses the southern part of the lake Tzana, or Dembea. After emerging from this lake it first receives the name of the Nile. Its banks, in the course of a few miles, become very high. It is now confined by the mountains of Bejemder till it reaches Alata, where is the third cataract, which is represented by Mr. Bruce as the most magnificent sight he ever beheld. The river had been considerably increased by rains, and fell in one sheet of water without any interval, about half an English mile in breadth, with a force and noise that were truly terrible, and which stunned, and made him, for a time, pretty dizzy. In the beginning of May, hundreds of streams pour themselves from Gogam, Damot, Maitha, and Dembea, into the lake Tzana, which swell the Nile prodigiously before it falls down the cataract of Alata."

NOTES

TO

CANTO SECOND.

Note 1.

Reflecting glories on her purple head.

The vast wealth, influence, and glory of ancient Tyre, arising from her various and extensive commerce, have been painted with glowing colours in all history, both sacred and profane. And for no article of trade was she more eminent and celebrated than for her purple stuffs. The Tyrian purple, as is well known, was the most rich and costly. All her citizens, both upon land and sea, clothed themselves in purple. Every kingdom and isle in the then known world were supplied with her commerce, and traded in her market. She was the magnificent mart of nations. "The ships of Tarshish, (says Ezekiel, addressing her in the twenty-seventh chapter of his prophecies,) did sing of thee in thy market; and thou wast replenished, and made very glori-

ous in the midst of the seas." I ask the reader to turn to the above mentioned chapter, where he will find one of the most animated and splendid portraitures of a great commercial city, that was ever penned; and which will sufficiently justify all that we have, in any place, said with regard to ancient Tyrus.

Note 2.

*That mighty League, whose wealth and power sublime
Gave laws to thrones, and rul'd Germania's clime.*

"The Hanseatic Society was a league between several maritime cities of Germany, for the mutual protection of their commerce. Bremen and Amsterdam were the two first who formed it, whose trade received such advantage by their fitting out two men of war in each to convoy their ships, that more cities continually entered into the league. Even kings and princes made treaties with them, and were often glad of their assistance and protection; by which means they grew so powerful by both sea and land, that they raised armies as well as navies, enjoyed countries in sovereignty, and made peace and war, though always in defence of their trade, as if they had been an united state, or commonwealth. Such an abundance of cities came into their alliance, that, in the year one thousand and twenty, we find no less than seventy-two on the list of the towns of the Hanse. The alliance was now so powerful, that their ships of war were often hired by other princes to

assist them against their enemies. They not only awed, but often defeated all that opposed their commerce."

Note 3.

His broaden'd orb.

The solar orb, when in the western horizon, especially at sea, appears to be considerably dilated. This is in consequence of the peculiar refraction of its rays when in that quarter of our heavens.

Note 4.

*But hark! I hear
The sound of mercy fall upon mine ear.*

Alluding to the recent establishment of Marine Evangelical Societies, whose object is to instruct seamen in religious knowledge, and prepare them for receiving the blessings of the gospel of salvation. These establishments commenced in England, and their spirit soon flashed across the Atlantic, and settled down upon the shores of the United States of America. They are progressing rapidly in both countries, and promise the most benign and happy results. Not long since a subscription list was in circulation in the city of New York for the purpose of erecting a church for the use of all the mariners who might belong to, or visit that port; and which should be supplied, in the ministration of the word of life, by all the regular clerical gentlemen of *the city*, successively. This is certainly a most excel-

lent and laudable plan, and one which every philanthropist and Christian will ardently wish to see adopted in all our maritime cities. Surely the poor, benighted heathen of the deep are as precious in the sight of heaven, as are those of the desert; and equally merit our Christian sympathy and evangelizing exertions.

Note 5.

*Such was the fate, O Pierce, thy barque that bore
With dismal sweep on Purbeck's rocky shore.*

See, in the Mariner's Chronicle, an account of the loss of the Haleswell East Indiaman, wrecked off Seacombe, in the Isle of Purbeck, January, 1786. In this miserable wreck, the history of which is sufficient to wring tears from marble eyes, perished, in the most doleful manner, Richard Pierce, Esq., Commander, his two daughters, five other young ladies, and about one hundred and sixty-six officers, seamen and soldiers.

Note 6.

*Teach tyrants law, from thrones despotic hurl'd,
And give salvation to a captive world.*

The last visit of the American fleet, under commodore Decatur, (indisputably one of the first naval commanders of the present age,) to the Barbary coast, with the respective effects of that visit upon both the tyrant of Algiers, and his enslaved captives, furnishes a comment on these lines.

And here I observe, that what is said in allusion to the American naval officers and seamen, is by no means merely a *licentia poetica*, or rhetorical flourish. It is plain, honest fact; worthy (not as being ~~sang~~ by me, but as being in itself honourable and glorious) of a conspicuous place in the most important and permanent annals of the nation. Let the recent war with Great Britain afford explanation.

END OF NOTES.

7.



